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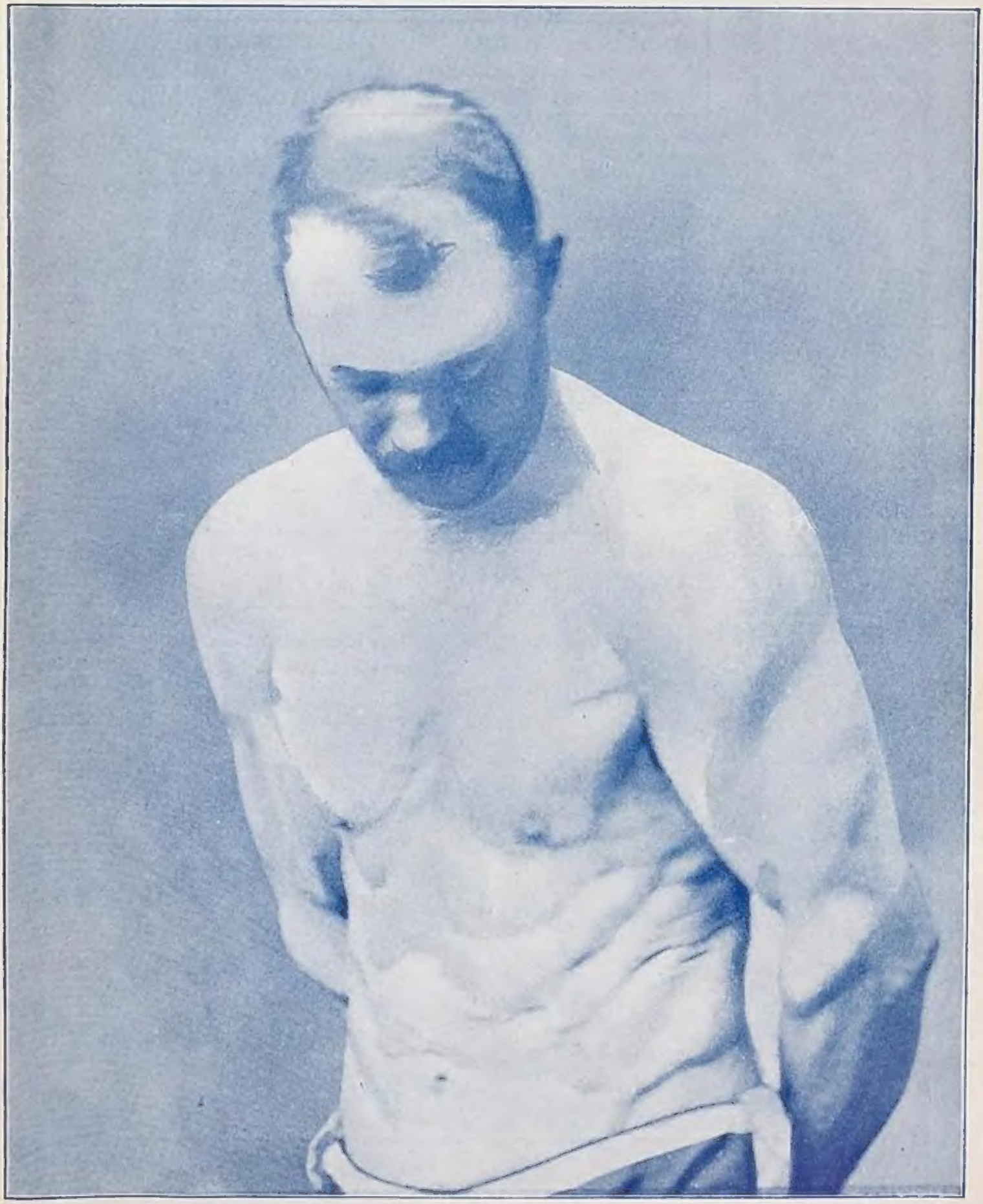
2d. OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. 2d.

June 7th, 1906.



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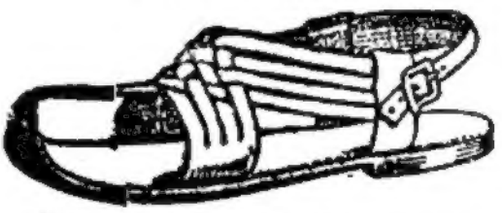

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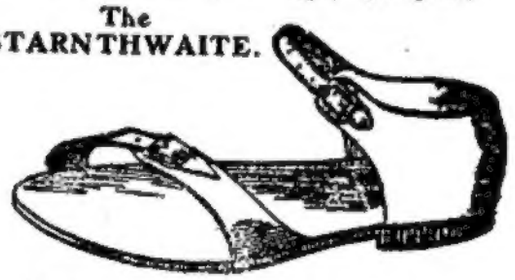

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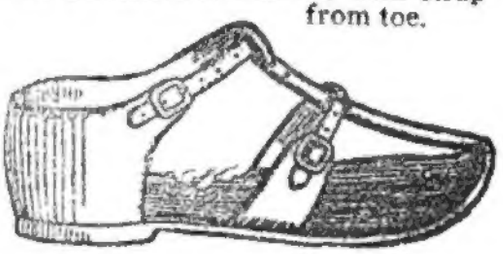

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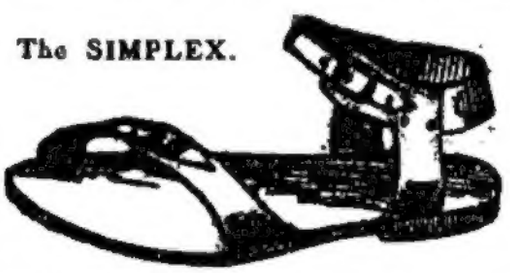

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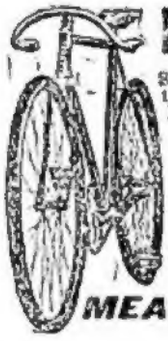

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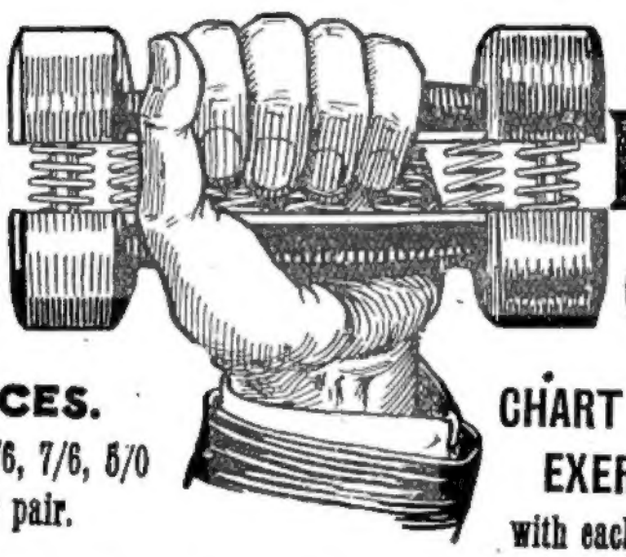

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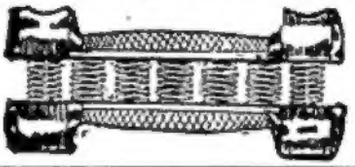

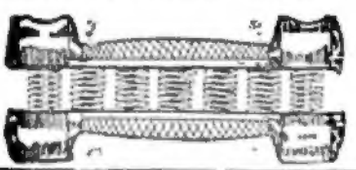

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(Est. 1898). VOL. XVI.
No. 23.

JUNE 7, 1906.

SANDOW'S MAGAZINE

... OF ...

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Editor: EUGEN SANDOW.
Assistant Editor: FRANK PINK.

MOTTO:—*Mens Sana in Corpore Sano*—A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY.

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NOTES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

There has just been amongst us for a brief stay one of those men to whom the adjective great is truly applicable. I refer to Professor Metchnikoff, the distinguished Russian pathologist. He is one of those soldiers whose battles are fought in the solitude and retirement of the laboratory, and whose weapon is a microscope. To his patient and vigilant observations is due one of the greatest medical discoveries of the present day—the discovery, in fact, that all the discomforts of disease are but the evidence of the beneficent fight that Nature is waging on our behalf.

This is the great discovery that has proved the cause of an effect that was for centuries misunderstood. For years medical men had devoted themselves might and main to the repression of all the disagreeable symptoms of illness, whereas Professor Metchnikoff's discoveries revealed the fact that these very symptoms should not on any account be interfered with, for they were the signs that Nature's battalions were fighting our battle against the hosts of foreign bacteria that had captured a position in our body. The symptoms must remain until this grim struggle was fought out; and the white corpuscles of the blood either killed the enemy or the enemy killed them.

In other words, Nature itself and not medicine nor any mysterious herbal, mineral or chemical combinations supplied the real curative force. It is now universally admitted that Nature itself possesses powers of creation, reparation, and conservation which, under favourable conditions, will repair all lesions, injuries, disorders or derangements. The claim I make for the Sandow System is that it supplies exactly those conditions, and I think the results in thousands of cases have justified the confidence I had reposed all along in the curative value of fresh air, good food, and properly prescribed physical movements.

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In these days of unnatural and unhealthy living, men and women are often tempted under the terrible stress of modern life to resort to all sorts of stimulants, the most popular of which is probably alcohol. I have often argued that by far the most powerful enemy that can be brought against the drink curse is hygienic living and judicious physical exercise. In fact, I would go so far to say that all those who are the victims of inebriety should be compelled under proper supervision to take up physical training under proper medical and expert supervision. If this plan were adapted in our inebriate homes, I firmly believe it would be found most efficacious.

o——o

I am constantly receiving letters from young men who have been saved from the worst results of the drink habit, and the one which appears in these columns this week is one of the most interesting that has ever reached me. Here is a striking instance of a splendid specimen of manhood almost, as he himself says, "in the final stage" of alcoholism, and yet—though, as he manfully admits, not without intervening failures—utterly wrenching himself free of this debasing and demoralising habit. I do not wish to sermonise, but especially draw the attention of every young man reader to the helpful letter from Mr. Atkins which appears in the "Readers' Club" section.

o——o

In an early issue I hope to publish an interesting and beautifully illustrated article, showing what a thoughtful firm can do to place its workers in an environment conducive to happiness and health. The article will be called "In Sunlight Land," and will deal with the pleasures of life in Port Sunlight. Mr. W. H. Lever, M.P., has kindly promised to lend a series of interesting photos, showiny particularly how the physical welfare of the Sunlight Soap workers is looked after.

o——o

I have, as have most people who admire manliness, courage, and rugged independence, the highest admiration for Mr. —or, to be correct, the Right Hon. John Burns, M.P. He holds strong views on most things, and his views are mostly right. But I most decidedly draw issue with him when he contends, as he did recently at the Battersea Polytechnic, that physical degeneration is not so widespread as some would have them believe. Apart from the Army returns, one has only to use his eyes to see the evidence to the contrary everywhere. Almost every boy you meet now has the inevitable "fag" between his lips, and "slouches" rather than walks along. What sort of men are they likely to grow up?

o——o

Stop for a few minutes at the City end of any of the London bridges, and watch the narrow-chested, narrow-hipped, factory girls on their way "across the water." Does Mr. Burns not tremble for the race of men and women of which these physical wrecks are to be the mothers. Go east or west on a Saturday, and see the orgies of the one and the Saturnalias of the other. Glance in the public-houses and see the hand that rocks the cradle fondly clutching its half quartern of gin, while the occupant of the cradle clamours for its share—and receives it. Not widespread? If it were not for a handful of enthusiastic physical culturists and the well set-up figures of the Volunteers and athletes, it would indeed be a sorry spectacle that one sees from Aldgate East to Marble Arch.

o——o

Physical degeneration is, unfortunately, too painfully widespread, and it is best to look the facts in the face. Contrast, for an instance, the difference between the average young man of the City and the youths who man our fighting ships. One might well imagine them to be two different breeds of men. Yet we know that many of our sturdy sailors were saved from physical wreckage through bodily training and healthy living. If only a course of physical education were made compulsory for every youth at a certain period of his life, the individual and the nation would be both the gainers.

Eugen Sandow

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THE EDITOR. *Photo showing remarkable Abdominal Development.*

THE OPEN DOOR OF HEALTH.

Proper Control of the Breath is the Open Door to all-round Development.

PEOPLE have, in a measure, learned to recognise the value of correct breathing, but they have not begun to understand the power of breath.

Our children, to be sure, now receive simple breathing exercises in the schools, and every teacher of physical culture, of elocution, of singing, is proclaiming some particular method of breathing; but the end of all their effort is merely to increase their lung power.

What breath really is they do not know. That has never been grasped in its fulness by any except the Hindus; and all that we Occidentals have ever gathered concerning it have apparently been mere fragments of the science which their great Yogis developed long ages ago. To them breath control is the open door to physical, mental, psychic, and even spiritual development; through breath the Hindu Yogi heals his body, governs his mind, and awakens his psychic power; and he teaches all earnest students to do the same.

Nor is this a mere tradition or theory. A living proof of it exists in the Hindu monk, Swami Abhedananda. He not only knows and teaches the science of breath as given by the adepts of India, but he has also learned the secret of health through breath. Furthermore, he has many followers who testify to the practical value of his training; men and women who, having come to him broken in mind and body, after a few months' practice of the Yogi exercises, have regained their health as well as a greater control of all their powers. Yet, to do this, they were not required to make any radical change in their outer life. On the contrary, the Swami, with remarkable understanding of the western temperament, adapts his lessons to the environmental conditions and physical organism of each student.

"Our earthly life," he said, "consists of a continued adaptation to environments. The more perfect the environments, the more perfect is the manifestation of life. All vegetable, animal, and human life is subject to this great law of adaptation. This law manifests itself and governs every step of the existence, growth, and development of a living creature.

"That power by which an organism can adapt itself to its environments is not merely a chemical force, it is life-force or vital energy.

"The normal manifestation of life-force, under favourable environments, is the state which is ordinarily understood by the common expression health, or, in other words, health means life under natural conditions, when the law of adaptation and other laws that govern the environments are not violated in the least; but, if these laws be violated, if the conditions be abnormal, the result will be sickness and disease.

"Disease is not a real entity which stands outside of ourselves as the enemy of health and attacks us from time to time, it is simply an imperfect manifestation of life-force under abnormal conditions, it is produced by the inability of the life-force to adapt itself to its environments and to obey the laws of nature.

"In order to adapt ourselves to surrounding conditions, whether internal or external, we need a certain amount of energy and force, and when that amount decreases, either by waste or dissipation or by lack of proper nourishment, then we grow weak and become unable to resist the environmental influences which are constantly working against earthly existence and are trying to crush it; for example, if the food we eat is too rich or unwholesome, our system will try its best to assimilate it, but if it fails the result will be indigestion. If the water we drink contains germs or impure substances, they will enter our systems and try to dwell there, producing various symptoms of abnormal conditions, which our system will naturally struggle to

throw off so as to recover its normal condition. No disease can arise in the system if there be a sufficient amount of life-force. The life-force has the primary tendency to preserve itself. This tendency for self-preservation is manifested not only by the individual being, but also by every organ, every tissue—yes, by every minute cell of the entire system. Propelled by this force, each cell of the whole organism acts instinctively to protect its normal healthy state.

"When any part of the body is wounded, or injured, or when any germ attacks the cells, the other cells rush forward with tremendous force and fight against the enemy, and if they succeed in killing the germ, then health and the normal condition of the body is restored.

HOW THE LIFE-FORCE HEALS.

"Ordinarily, we say that the healing power is generated by drugs and medicines given by the physician, but do they give us the healing power?

"Let us take a concrete example. When a bone is broken what does the surgeon do? He simply sets it in its proper place, the mending and repairing are done by Nature. But what do we mean by Nature? Nothing else but the life-force or vital energy which dwells in the organs and cells. It is the healing power of Nature which manifests itself in the human body in the same manner as in all animals and vegetables. When the bark of a tree is scratched or torn, the same life-force of the tree heals it and makes it perfect. The healthy condition of the body is the result of the normal activities of the vital energy or life-force.

"No disease will ever arise if free scope be given to the vital or life-force to act under proper conditions.

"Thus we can understand that Nature has supplied us with a certain amount of healing power. In the science of breath, as taught by the Yogis of India, this healing power of Nature is called *prana* a Sanscrit word meaning life-force, and sometimes translated breath of life. That breath of life is described in the seventh verse of the second chapter of Genesis, 'And the Lord had formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life.' This does not mean merely the atmospheric air which enters into the nostrils, but it means life-force or *prana*.

"The more we store away of this *prana*, or breath of life, the stronger we shall become physically and mentally. He who possesses sufficient quantities of this breath of life or *prana* has perfect health and enormous vitality and strength, which he can impart to others if he wishes to do so.

THE SECRET OF MAGNETIC HEALING.

"This is the secret of magnetic healing. He who has gained mastery over the breath of life can consciously direct the healing power of *prana* to any part of the body and generate new vibrations in the cells by the higher breathing exercises, and thus destroying the cause of disease, he can easily obtain perfect health and strength. By polarising the activities of the cells he can remove the obstacles that prevent the normal vibration of the vital current of those cells. The cells are moving in certain directions, but he can make them all obey his will power, and then he can do anything with them and cure all diseases. A true Yogi claims that he can gain mastery over this breath of life and cure all diseases if decomposition or disorganisation has not taken place.

"Nature possesses this *prana*, but no individual can give it unless he possesses a superabundance of it; therefore, when we go to a healer, he may give it and make us feel better for the time being, but as soon as it is used up we shall have to return to him again. The true Yogi, however, says if you know the method by which you can manufacture that life-force in yourself there will be no need of your going to others to borrow it from them.

"Christian scientists, faith healers, and mental healers say they can cure diseases without using drugs, but if they knew the secret of manufacturing the life-force or *prana*, through the breathing exercises as taught by the Yogis of India, and as we give here in the Yogi classes of the Vedanta Society, they would gain more wonderful results.

"By it one can become master of the body and mind.

"It is a well-known fact that one can easily feel pain in any part of the body

by strongly fixing his attention there; by an analogous process one can get rid of pain by sending the *prana* there. Mental healers of the present day are familiar with such phenomena, although many of them fail to understand the *rationale* of their cure. One can cure diseases by fixing the attention on the diseased part and sending the *prana* there; but one thing should be remembered, which is, that every individual is born with this healing power. No one can give you that power. It is better to heal one's self than to be healed by some other mind. Do not let your mind be controlled by another mind; people who go to mental healers and Christian scientists for help, and who allow themselves to be influenced by the minds of others, do not realise that they are walking in a path which leads to mental degeneration. How pitiable is the mental condition of those self-deluded ones who go about seeking help from other minds!

"Because the Yogi thoroughly comprehends this danger he never allows himself to be influenced by another mind. By constant practice, and by breathing exercises, he unfolds those higher powers which are latent in his soul, and becomes master of his mind, senses, and body."

Women Gamblers Predominate.

Some remarkable figures were given by the police at Barnsley recently as to betting by women and girls.

Two police-constables gave evidence that they saw bets made or money or slips of paper passed between a bookmaker named Pelder (now fined £5 and costs) and his clients in the street as follows:

March 31, from twelve to one o'clock, fifty-seven men, seventy women, four boys, and two girls.

April 3, from half-past twelve to half-past one p.m., twenty-seven men, thirty-seven women, five girls, and five boys.

April 4, in the dinner-hour, forty-seven men, sixty-eight women, three boys, and one girl.

April 5, sixty-five men, ninety-two women, and five boys.

April 6, twenty-seven men, forty-one women, and one boy.

April 7, sixty-eight men, sixty-seven women, and two boys.

April 9, thirty-four men, thirty-six women.

April 10, sixty-six men, eighty-eight women, and one girl.

April 11, six men and seven women.

Gastronomic Rarities for Gourmets.

The London gourmet of to-day has at command all the gastronomic delicacies of the known world—if he is prepared to pay for them. The aid of science is called in, at great expense, so that fruits may be brought to table out of due season, the ends of the earth are searched for rare morsels, and celebrated chefs rise to sublime heights in their efforts to tickle his palate.

In this, as in other matters, it is money that "talks," and it is at the smart metropolitan hotels that, in this direction, it talks to most advantage. Shark's fins, as an item in a dinner menu, are somewhat rare, but they can be served at a charge of 10s. a head; and turtle's fins, somewhat similar in taste, a dish of superb flavour, are now obtainable at 5s. a portion.

A cut from a young kangaroo is not marked on every smart menu, but if ordered at the right places it can be put on the table at a cost of from 10s. to 15s.

Truite au bleu is another exquisite delicacy which is also very expensive. It is essential, if the last extremity of flavour is to be secured, that the trout should be put alive into boiling water, and the best fish are now got from Scotland. The trout have first to be caught, then a special railway truck has to be put on the rails, and during the whole journey a man has to pour water through the air into the reservoir. It may cost £20 to bring one or ten alive to London.

Quail de Rothschild is not being served at an ordinary dinner. Here are the ingredients:—Quails, stuffed with ortolan, pâté de foie gras, truffles, and other things. A dish for eight people would not now cost more than ten guineas. Chinese bird-nest soup or swallow-nest soup is now cheap—at 5s. a plate.

Sane Simplicity.

Nothing is so difficult as the right kind of simplicity. Good art, fine manners, great lives, are all simple in a way which is beyond imitation, because they are the product of an unerring instinct of selection from amongst complex elements of what is exactly necessary and fitting.—"K. C." in *The Guardian*.

RACING ON THE PARRAMATTA RIVER.

SPORT IN AUSTRALIA (*By Our Australian Correspondent*).

£1,000 FOR A MILE CYCLE RACE.

SO far as New South Wales is concerned, it is apparent that we are on the eve of another sculling revival and that the good old sport of rowing—the sport that calls for strength, stamina, and bull dog pluck—has caught on with the public once again. There was a time, and not so very many years ago, when the excitement of a championship boat race was, to Sydney folk, almost the breath of life. Since then the sport has seen many vicissitudes and gone through its evil days. The bringing of Jim Stanbury out of retirement, and his defeat of George Towns (who had brought the world's championship back from Canada, where Stanbury lost it in the first place) appears to start the interest afresh, and now the air is full of matches and talk of matches between the champions and the younger generation of scullers now springing up. In the past there has been rather too much wrangling as to the distribution of the "gate" money, *i.e.*, the proceeds of the official steamboats which follow a race, but it is in contemplation now to appoint a committee to control championship events and see to the equitable distribution of the proceeds.

MITCHELL DEFEATS SEARLE.

A sculling match for £100 a-side, between John Searle (a brother of the phenomenal New South Wales champion, Harry Searle, who died an unbeaten champion of the world) and John Mitchell (both natives of the Clarence River district of this State), was rowed over the champion course on the Parramatta River in April, and resulted in a victory for Mitchell by a length after a close and exciting race. Mitchell comes from Stanbury's stable at Ryde, and has been looked after in his preparation for the match by the world's champion. He is in his 30th year, stands 5 ft. 9¾ ins., and scales 11 st. 6 lb. After a number of wins on the Clarence River, he came to Sydney, and was associated with Stanbury in his preparation for the match against George Towns. Searle stands 6 ft. 1¼ ins., is 35 years of age, and scales 11 st. 6 lb., so that, in the matter of weight, the scullers were on an equality. He was in charge of George Towns, the ex-champion, and shaped so well in training that he started favourite for the race. The weather was perfect on the afternoon of the race, and the river was largely patronised by all sorts of craft. The course chosen was the full championship one of three miles and 330 yards from Ryde Bridge to the Searle monument. Both men were confident, and the race was a splendid one from the jump. Mitchell, rowing 36 strokes to the minute, soon established a slight lead, but both men were sculling in tip-top style, and the pace was solid. At the mile beacon Mitchell had two lengths' lead, and passed the landmark five minutes from the start. Searle got too far in, and was sprinting strongly when he unfortunately fouled the beacon with his right scull, and momentarily stopped. Going across Gascoigne Bay, Mitchell led by three lengths, with Searle dead behind. At Putney point Searle spurted, and reduced his opponent's lead to two lengths. All the way down after that

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Mitchell rowed confidently, keeping his two lengths' lead, and apparently had "a little bit up his sleeve." At Henley wharf Searle made a last game effort, but Mitchell responded, and passed the judge a winner by a length in 22 min. 41 sec. Mitchell appeared to win the race with something in hand, although Searle kept him moving all the way, and would probably have done better but for his somewhat faulty steering. The general verdict of the public was that it was a splendid race, and that the best man won. At the conclusion of the race the men shook hands, and were loudly cheered. Mitchell left Sydney the same night for the Clarence River, to take part in the Maclean Regatta.

The Monday following the race, the world's champion, James Stanbury, was presented with a purse of sovereigns, subscribed by his friends, in recognition of his services in training Mitchell.

TOWNS AND STANBURY TO RACE AGAIN.

At the paying over of the stakes of the above match, Jim Stanbury attended, and publicly stated that it was his intention to accept a challenge he had received from George Towns, who is anxious to recapture the title, and who has offered to race for the title on the following terms: In the event of Stanbury winning, the gate-money to be equally divided, but in the event of Towns winning, Stanbury to get 75 per cent. of the proceeds. These are similar terms to those arranged when Stanbury and Towns last met, and Towns, although defeated, took 75 per cent. of the "gate." Towns wants to race on the Parramatta, towards the end of July. This will be the last match on unequal terms, as a committee will manage future events and see to a fairer distribution.

A RACE FOR VETERAN CHAMPIONS.

A proposal has been made for the holding of a veterans' race among the retired champions. A number of the old hands of the professional sculling world are among us, and in view of the revived interest in sculling, Mr. J. A. Beales hit upon the idea that a race between the old-time champions would be a great draw with the public. To set the thing going, he has headed a subscription list which is now in circulation. Among those who are possible starters are: Richard Green, Edward Laycock, William Beach, Pearce, Peter Kemp, McLean, D. Rush, and E. Trickett, and should such a gathering of the old favourites meet on the waters of the Parramatta, half the population of the suburbs will be there to see them row.

MORE MATCHES.

Fogwell, a sculler of some local note, hailing from Coraki, New South Wales, has put up a deposit of £25 to bind a match with Mitchell for £100. This amount has now been covered by the supporters of Mitchell, and a race will be arranged. It is announced that the Newcastle sculler, Thoroughgood, has challenged Worboys, of Wallsend, or Charlie Towns (brother of the ex-champion) to race for a stake of £100 a-side. Altogether, evidence is not wanting that, in the near future, sculling in New South Wales will be quite as popular as during the palmy days of the sport when Beach and Hanlan contested the title. The healthy sign is the number of young men sighing for championship honours, and as New South Wales has some splendid scullers on its rivers, it is quite on the cards that another phenomenal champion may, before long, come to light. It is cabled, too, that E. Durnan, the Canadian sculler, is coming to Australia to get up a match with Stanbury.

CYCLING IN AUSTRALIA.—£1,000 FOR A MILE RACE.

The "Sydney Thousand" is the title given to an annual cycling event held in Sydney, for which the prize money totals £1,000 sterling. This is the largest prize ever given for a mile race in any part of the world, the next best prize here being the Austral Wheel Race for two miles, run in Melbourne each November, for which the prize money is £500. The "Sydney Thousand" this year attracted about 25,000 spectators and was contested at night, the grounds being lit with electric light and the track with acetylene gas. Eleven riders qualified to start in the final, including the German visitors Mayer and Rutt, and those who follow the sport closely declare that the race eclipsed anything previously seen in

the Commonwealth. Each rider fancied his chances, and there is no doubt that it was a genuine race from the pistol to the finishing post. Some authorities say that if the race was run over again half a dozen times it would probably result differently every time, so closely were the men matched. Great excitement prevailed during the running of the event, and the feeling was intensified by the shutting off of the electric lights all over the grounds, leaving only the track lighted. Thus over 25,000 pairs of eyes peered from the darkness to the narrow circle of light around which eleven men flashed in their endeavour to secure the rich prize money. There is no doubt that the big prize is a draw with the public, and it has been suggested that it would be better for the sport if the first prize was £500 and the balance were divided among heat winners, etc. However, the promoters—a syndicate — probably think too much of the "gate" and the idea of having "the biggest prize in the world" to alter the conditions for next year. The front men were a little too slow in getting off the mark, and this enabled the back division to get up early. This made the race seem a certainty for one of the Germans, but the leading division started to carve out the pace furiously, and the back men were not able to get a breather. At a lap and a half to go, "Dick" Arnst (a New Zealand rider, and brother of the Australasian road champion, Jack Arnst) "took the pole," and with a magnificently sustained sprint, led the way to the winning post. Everyone cheered the Maorilander on to victory, and he never faltered, stalling off a desperate effort by Walter Rutt at the finish. The result was sensational, and a blanket would have covered the first six men. The official placings were:—R. Arnst (New Zealand), 75 yds., 1; Walter Rutt (Germany), scr., 2; Ernie Payne (Queensland), 90 yds., 3; Larry Corbett (N.S.W.), 105 yds., 4; and H. Mayer (Germany), scr., 5. The first man gets £750, the second £100, and the third £50, the balance being spread out among the heat winners. Following is a detailed account of the race:—

Spain's Most Famous Dancer, celebrated for her beauty and perfect physique.

Punctually at 9 o'clock great cheering greeted the men as they appeared on the track preparatory to the race being run. Rutt and Mayer were the last to appear, and came in for a great reception. At ten minutes past 9 o'clock, when the race was about to start, Rutt's tyre burst, and there was a delay of some minutes, while the champion replaced his punctured wheel with new one. The public by that time had grown slightly impatient, but applauded the German on his re-appearance. Another delay was in store, however, for Rutt's new tyre again burst, and notwithstanding that the whistle blew for a start, the competitors had to ride around the track for at least another ten minutes before the big event was begun. The twenty minutes' delay had, however, only made the public the more anxious to witness the contest. At last the whistle sounded, and the men were off, when once again there was a delay, this time owing to Payne breaking his pedal strap just as he was pushed off. The field was at once called back, and the great race restarted. Corbett, the limit man, at once stretched out like a flash, with Payne, Whitely, Mutton, and Wyatt in hot pursuit. Crossing the line, Wyatt was in front, and before the scoring-board was reached Corbett

had swung up the track, and the field passed him. In the meantime, Mayer, paced by Rutt, who was riding in his best form, were out after Clark, the young Victorian riding in good style, and fast overhauling Goodson, Arnst, and Boanas. Arnst, however, kept riding in good form, and fast overhauling the leaders, who seemed undecided what to do. At two to go Arnst and Boanas had caught the leaders, Goodson whipping in the bunch. Mayer, with a dashing sprint, then brought the back division within striking distance, which Clark gallantly covered, running past the field as they all bunched. Here the pace quickened, and Wyatt, who had just made a desperate effort to keep away from the back bunch, dropped out. Arnst, the New Zealand champion, then made his run, and about a lap and a quarter from home took the pole, Payne on his wheel, Boanas, Clark, and Rutt on the outside, with Mayer lying second last. The crowd yelled and shouted with excitement, as the big New Zealander set out for the winning line, stalling off the desperate rushes of Whitely, Mutton, and Goodson. At the back Rutt made his run, Boanas on his inside sprinting with him. Arnst gamely responded with a rush like a lion. Passing the members' stand they were all sprinting like demons, and as they made for the last turn Boanas swung out, pushing Rutt up the bank. The German, however, sprinted again as the straight was entered, and Payne and Corbett on the inside put in their best work. Arnst, however, still held the pole. As the bunch dashed for the tape someone, probably Goodson, was pushed on the grass. The bunch swayed and struggled for the line, Rutt putting in a last desperate effort, but Arnst quickened again, and won one of the finest races ever seen on the ground by three-quarters of a length from the German champion. Payne ran a good third, Corbett, half a wheel away, fourth. Mayer, who was lying seventh in the final sprint, running into fifth, Boanas sixth, Whitely, Mutton, and Clark whipping in. It was a fast-run race, desperately fought out every inch of the way. Arnst thoroughly deserved his win, beating the sprinters by hard pacing, and finishing with such a strong run that all the sting was taken out of the world-famed sprinters, whom he so decisively defeated in the last lap.

THE WINNER'S VERSION.

Arnst, seen after the race, declared that he knew all along he would win. When he came over from New Zealand in 1903 he had a record of 41 firsts and 60 seconds, and was the holder of all New Zealand track records. However, in Australia his luck turned for a while, and the "Sydney Thousand" of 1906 was only his third win. "Each time I got fit," he said, "and stood a chance of winning an event, I fell. It was that way in the last Austral Wheel race. I was as fit as a fiddle, and looked upon the race as a gift, when down I came in my heat and that settled it. From the time the handicaps came out, I was confident I could win the 'Sydney Thousand,' and told those who asked me that I would get it." Asked if the race had been run to suit him, he replied: "Not exactly. It was too slow at the start for me. When we had gone a lap and a half I found that the back men were getting up, and I 'let out' for the front. I was there when the bell went, and then I started to ride my hardest for the tape. It was a long journey, but thanks to the splendid training I got behind the motor I was able to last out. Only once did I think I was beaten. That was at the members' stand, when I saw a shadow draw up at my side. That gave me a start, and I plugged for all I was worth, and when I finished I hadn't a kick left in me. I had made up my mind to do a lap sprint, but I never thought that I would be leading for a half lap before the bell." Arnst weighs 14 st., and is over 6 ft. in height, and a native of Christchurch, New Zealand, and 22 years of age. In training, he rode twice daily on the track, with an occasional mile behind the motor. He is the fifty miles road champion of New South Wales, and has won the New Zealand wheel race and the Otags wheel race. He rode a locally-built machine geared to 100, and fitted with 6½-in. cranks. He neither drinks nor smokes. He has returned to New Zealand to fill several cycling engagements.

The Old Adam.

The old Adam persists in every man. In his secret heart man never questions it—rejoicing in it rather. Every man is aware that at a pinch he is capable of dropping what he is pleased to call "civilisation" like a garment. The Adam in him sits and grins at the gentleman in him, and the gentleman in him is afraid of nobody but the Adam in him. And in this present time it frequently—nay, almost universally—happens that the gentleman is fined down to some clothes and a smile, and the old Adam makes up the balance of the individuality.—T. W. H. CROSLAND, in the *Gentlewoman*.

Art of Cheerfulness.

People are apt to forget that cheerfulness of mind is a habit which requires cultivation like any other, and that the means of acquiring and preserving this habit are not so obvious as one might suppose.—*Spectator*.

FOR THE SUN-KISSED GIRL.

How to Remove Summer Freckles

THE belle of the summer season, who queens it over young and old at seaside and on mountain top, patterns after the most effective summer girl pictures by well-known artists. Each one of these delightful portraits of ideal maidenhood, as displayed on magazine frontispieces, exhibits one characteristic common to them all—a healthy, open-air complexion, perhaps a trifle tanned, but never the faintest suggestion of a blemish of any kind.

The reigning belle in search of just that beautiful becoming shade of tan goes about bareheaded in the strong sun, and catches sunburn, and, worse still, freckles. Then she blames the unconscious artist, who, after all, has merely been holding up an ideal type, which it is his mission in life to do.

The search for the ideal is to blame for most of the apparent discrepancies of our sex. If each and every one of us did not want to be beautiful, to look as nearly as possible like some of those frontispieces, we would never think of dyeing our hair all kinds of different colours to find out which was the most becoming, and then regret that we had not left it severely alone. Nor would we go out to get a coat of tan and return with a collection of freckles, to our regret. It is really the fault of those dazzling pictures. The artist is to blame, for should one of his summer girls acquire a freckle —which isn't likely— all he has to do is to paint it out, and her complexion is as good as new.

Following this example, the girl outside of the picture has taken to the brush, too, as a cure for freckles, but she slips it in a much stronger solution than the artist's paint box contains.

A little peroxide of hydrogen applied frequently to stray freckles will eventually fade them. Pure peroxide should be kept in a dark place, or in a coloured bottle. Kept in white glass, it soon loses its efficiency. The little camel's hair paint brush used in the liquid should always be rinsed after each application, as otherwise the peroxide will eat into the hair and destroy it.

Another way of fading freckles is to paint them with flexible collodion and then cover the spots with court-plaster. In this way, of course, only a freckle or two can be taken off at a time from the face. But the effect is pleasingly coquettish and the result gratifying. Greater surfaces can be covered on the arms. The collodion should be allowed to remain on for several days.

THE VALUE OF FRUIT.

Both the peroxide and the collodion treatment are only efficacious when dealing with evanescent freckles or such as are dependent on the season, coming with the first exposure of the skin to strong sunlight. Freckles, as everyone knows, are due to the exaggerations, under the sun's rays, of the pigmentary deposit in the secreting glands of the skin, and to the chemical decomposition of the iron contained in this pigment. Freckles, when they are of long standing and dark, cannot be entirely eradicated without internal treatment intended to stimulate a torpid liver and generally tone up the circulation

THE FIRST BATHER.
The first bather at Westcliff this season was a lady. A reader was so pleased that he secured the above snap-shot and forwarded it to the Editor.

of the blood. Taking quantities of fruit juice is one of the simplest methods of regulating the system, and every woman should indulge in as much as she likes of her favourite kind, be it grapes, peaches, apples, or pears. If the juice alone is preferred, the fruit can be put through a pesse with little inconvenience. As much as three glasses can be taken a day of the freshly-pressed juice, and the effect on the complexion will be quite marked. We none of us eat as much fruit as we should, and if grapes and apples were always substituted for heavy puddings, pies, and French pastries, most of the beauty culturists would have to retire from business.

NO PERMANENT CURE.

A teaspoonful of phosphate of soda, dissolved in a tumbler of hot water, and taken every morning an hour before breakfast, will also clear the skin in a comparatively short time, and then the external treatment may be begun. It must be remembered, however, that there is no permanent cure for freckles, and that they will appear again with exposure to the sun's rays. Summer freckles are soon faded out by any one of the various bleaches. In fact, a compress of water or buttermilk, allowed to remain on the face during the afternoon nap, will cause these faint blemishes to disappear after a short time. A face mask, made of heavy linen, or any goods which holds the water, is easily made by cutting eye-holes and openings for the nostrils and mouth. It is the easiest way to keep the face moistened, as the fitted mask can be tied around the neck by a ribbon and kept in place. Any one of the following lotions will bleach these light freckles when applied to the face in this manner:

Equal parts of lemon juice and rose water, or one part lemon juice, one rectified spirits, and one of rose water.

If the skin is very sensitive, the face mask should only be worn for a few moments. As soon as the slightest irritation occurs, remove the mask. Witch-hazel, applied in this manner, will also bleach summer freckles.

TAKING OFF THE TAN.

The summer bathing suit, with its slight decolletage, has been the ruin of more than one pretty white neck. Nothing is so ugly as a "V" of tan on an otherwise delicately tinted skin. Most of the bathing suits, therefore, seen on the coast last summer, were high-necked, and some even protected the throats of their wearers by a stand-up collar. The best method is to soak a cloth and tie it around the neck at night, having previously bathed with warm water, to which is added a bit of washing soda. Allow the cloth to remain on until dry, and then moisten again. In a few days the discolouration will have vanished. Everything that tends to promote the activity of the skin, both internal and external methods, will help remove blemishes. Thus massage, electric treatment, and Turkish baths will all be found helpful. The outward application can only fade the freckle. To permanently and entirely remove them the cuticle itself must be taken off.

Divorce of Work and Pleasure.

Both the beanfeaster and his music are symptoms of the disease which has infected modern life. Man's pleasures are divorced from his daily occupations. In the old time he sang as he worked and produced the world's stock of folk-song. He indulged in sports that kept him strong, healthy, and active, and a useful member of the community. He spent his Sundays shooting arrows at a target, and so in the hour of need was a good fighting man. Now he sings no longer; he has no pleasure in his work. On the rare occasions when he has a holiday he goes straight to all that is brainless, ugly, and vulgar; the best part of him has been used up in his daily toil, and in his pleasures he gives a loose rein to all that is worst.—MR. JOHN F. RUNCIMAN in *The Saturday Review*.

Is Indigestion Increasing?

The cares and anxieties of the present active mode of living, together with rapid eating without proper mastication, serve, as Dr. G. M. Woodcock points out, to re-act unfavourably upon digestion, causing the train of symptoms following in the wake of what is denominated as dyspepsia, viz.: headache, constipation, and biliousness. Most patients in active business life are unwilling to accept advice regarding their diet or habits of life, but expect a mild laxative or agreeable tonic to overcome the violation of dietetic law. If temporarily relieved by simple measures, they persistently go on overworking the nervous system, liver and alimentary canal, until organic structural disease results, such as changes in the blood-vessels, gout, and the various forms of Bright's disease.

LIFE'S THREE GREAT ESSENTIALS.

By Sir James Crichton Browne.

THE wealth, the trade, the commerce, and civic life of London depend on energy. While energy abounds they will flourish, when it fails they will decay. Should that great store of physical energy, our coal measures, give out, as it is predicted they will in the course of a few centuries, London will languish into insignificance, and should the great source of our vital energies—the blood, bone, and muscle of our people—deteriorate, as it is possible they may do at an even earlier date, then not less surely will London "pale her ineffectual fires." Monsieur Paul Sabatier, speaking at Kensington, recently, said that during the last ten years a new orientation in the minds of Frenchmen has taken place. From being citizens by fits and starts they had become continuously and altogether citizens. They have awakened to a sense of their responsibilities, they have realised that the active performance of private and public duty is the sole guarantee for the future of their country. And Monsieur Paul Sabatier attributes this happy change, this working of fresh sap in the ancient trunk, largely to the influence of the new association, *L'Union Pour Action Morale*, composed of men of all sorts of opinions, of the most varied views, who meet to discuss questions affecting the public interest with earnestness, courtesy, in a scientific spirit, and with no sectarian or political bias, and take means to spread abroad their views. Well, it is hoped that this League—the National League for Physical Education—will effect a new orientation in the minds of Englishmen on the subject of physical education and improvement. It is to be hoped that it will convert the many fits and starts that have been made in this matter into steady, sustained endeavour; that it will awaken the public to a sense of its responsibility and keep it awake; that it will, by bringing together men of many different ways of thinking, arrange for a general campaign; that it will, by co-ordinating existing agencies and creating new agencies where they are required, provide systematically throughout the length and breadth of the land the machinery necessary for bettering the condition of the people. And let no one suppose that there is not a wide field and ample room for the operation of this society. While acknowledgment has been made of the work, the beneficent work, the splendid work, that has been done in connection with physical education and development by many clubs, societies, institutions, and schools throughout this country, that work has been scattered and disjointed. It has been more or less spasmodic. It requires concentration and organisation; it requires enlightened influence and control, and, above all, extension, as present agencies are altogether inadequate to deal with the masses of social and physical deterioration that are

VITON.
The well-known Cardiff Physical Culturist.

piled up around us. We are forbidden to enter upon the knotty and controversial question as to whether our race, as a whole, is deteriorating or improving, and I do not intend to break bounds; but I should like to remind a certain class of people amongst us—if I may coin a word I would call them placeboistes, who assure us that we are steadily ascending in the happiest epoch of the best of all possible worlds, and who, when any social blemish or malady is brought to light, are content to prescribe coloured water or a bread pill instead of a radical remedy—I should like to remind these placeboistes that the inter-departmental committee upon physical deterioration did not say that progressive deterioration is not going on among us. All they said was that the grounds for the apprehension entertained on that subject were at present insufficient. I would like to remind these placeboistes that, whether physical deterioration is advancing or declining, it exists around us to a deplorable extent, and that it is high time we dealt with it in no half-hearted manner. We cannot afford to wait for some far-off divine event, but we must grapple promptly with the weakness, the deformity, the deterioration, and the wretchedness that welter around us, and try to improve the breed of our people. If anyone has any doubt as to the ravages and the existence on a large scale of physical deterioration, I would recommend him or her to consult a report on the social condition of Dundee. That report is a very startling human document, and justifies the remark of the committee of influential citizens responsible for it, that it reveals a very serious state of things, deserving the anxious consideration of all thoughtful persons. It sets forth the results of the minute examination of 1,000 children in Dundee in elementary schools, proceeding on the lines already followed at Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen, but carrying the investigation further and carrying it out with minute and scrupulous care. We all expected to be told that amongst the school children decay of the teeth, or caries, is all but universal; that as many as 33 per cent. of them suffer from defects of vision requiring correction by spectacles; that as many as 43 per cent. suffer from deafness, enlarged tonsils, adenoids; but it was beyond expectation to discover that, of these young children attending school, as many as 19 per cent. suffer from disease of the glands almost always of a tubercular nature, that as many as 5 per cent. suffer from disease of the bones, that as many as 9 per cent. suffer from disease of the lungs, and, what is more astonishing, that 7½ per cent. suffer from disease of the heart, while a much larger number show a flabbiness and weakness of that organ, the effects of underfeeding or of over-exertion. Positively, after reading this report, one asks in painful astonishment, "Is the whole mass rotten, and is there one perfectly sound healthy child left?" The report draws a comparison between the condition, as regards height and weight, of the children attending elementary and secondary schools, and at all ages the difference is remarkable. But to take one example. At 13 years of age the children in elementary schools—those drawn from poor homes and the labouring classes—the boys are, on the average, 2 in. shorter and 6 lb. lighter than the boys in the secondary schools, who come from well-to-do homes, while, at the same age, the girls, on the average, are 3 in. shorter and 13 lb. lighter. Of course, we are not surprised to find that the mental defects and dulness are much more numerous among the badly-developed children than among those well-grown, for there is a more intimate connection between the muscles and the mental faculties than is commonly supposed. We all know that muscular exercise, by improving the general health, conduces to the vigour of the brain, but we do not all realise that muscular movement is an integral part of mental activity. The muscles do not act alone of their own sweet pleasure. In what a state of agitation and twitching and convulsion we should be if they did. They are under the control of the brain, with which they are in constant communication to and fro through those great fibres and cables, the nerves. And in the middle region of the brain there is a part called the motor

area, where there exist motor centres in definite order presiding over the working of all the groups of muscles in the body, those of the tongue, the hands, the arm, and so on. But these motor centres of the arms, for example, do not grow or perform properly unless the muscles subtending them are duly exercised, and as these motor centres not only voluntarily control the muscles, but take part in the mental life and supply us with motor elements for our ideas, we can readily understand how deprivation of muscular exercise, at a time when these motor centres are evolving, curtails the subsequent mental capacity. If you brought up a child in swaddling bands and prevented it altogether from movement, you would produce an idiot. If you want really healthy, sound-minded, well-balanced men and women, you must give plenty of muscular exercise in their early years. We thus see that gymnastics, athletics, and games are really not, as commonly regarded, merely recreations or amusements, but branches of a liberal education. I hope that, in course of time, it will do something to stem that great turbid stream of insanity that is constantly flowing on with ever-increasing volume into our lunatic asylums. Much imbecility and mental diseases result from the want of physical education and training, from ignorance of the laws of health or defiance of them. Let me give one example. Improper feeding in infancy often induces convulsions, convulsions often run into epilepsy, epilepsy often ends in madness. Taking the three great preliminaries—sunlight, fresh air, and pure water—this league has three departments in which to exercise its activity. These are housing, nutrition, and exercise. A man must have a roof to shelter him, a loaf to eat, and a spade with which to dig. In each of these departments there will be an ample outlet for all its activities, and in each, I do not doubt, it will accomplish much if it be but liberally supported.

Speech delivered at a meeting held at the Mansion House, London, to inaugurate the National League for Physical Education and Improvement.

FIRST CHOOSE YOUR FATHER AND MOTHER.

Golden Rules that Govern Life.

IT'S a wise child that can choose its own father and mother. Yet, according to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Bristol, that is the first step towards long life.

His lordship was an enthusiastic alpine climber and explorer of ice-caves forty years ago, and the active out-door life he has led whenever possible doubtless accounts largely for the soundness of his constitution. He completed his seventy-second year on December 4th.

His lordship's rules of health are as follows:—

1. Have a wholesome father and mother.
2. Be brought up in the country.
3. Keep country tastes, and enjoy country pursuits all your life.
4. Regard the body as the appointed means to higher ends.
5. Have no excess in mind, body, or estate.
6. Don't worry.
7. In and after middle life, a little saline daily.
8. Eight hours' bed. If things look black at night, turn on the electric light.

Still, even if you are not fortunate enough to manage Rule No. 1, it will do you no harm to follow out the others.

An *Answers* man has been asking some grand old men the secret of long life. London's Lord Mayor, for instance, Alderman W. Vaughan Morgan, is 75, and still active enough to take a leading part in the government of London.

"I really have no rule of health," he said, "except to be moderate in all things. Probably being always fully occupied, I have had no time to indulge in fancied ailments."

Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, who is also turned seventy-two years of age, states that the expediency of early rising and sleeping well has been the rule of his life. As the greater part of his life has been spent in vigorous warfare, it speaks well for his lordship's habitual tranquillity of mind that he has always been able to indulge in a sound sleep.

Lord Strathcona expresses the opinion that rules of health are largely matters that are governed by temperament and disposition. In view of the fact, however, that he is eighty-five years of age, still active, and has been a keen yachtsman, oarsman, rifleman, and director of many great undertakings, his lordship's career may safely be taken as a proof that activity of mind and body is one of the most potent lengtheners of life.

Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., who is eighty-seven years old, is a very strong advocate, not merely of living in the open air as much as possible, but of taking exercise in the open air.

Mr. Frith states that his habits of life have been very simple. He has never burdened his existence with rules about eating. "An aged friend of mine accounts for his long life," he says, "by repeating the word 'porridge'! I sometimes tell him that if old age can only be had by living on porridge, I prefer a short life."

The famous artist invariably begins the day with a hearty breakfast. He takes a very light lunch—generally only a little soup. He then fasts until the early evening, when he takes dinner, plus the merest taste of whisky to aid the digestion.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., who is nearly seventy-six years of age, favours *Answers* with the following letter:—

"My own strong convictions as to the surest method of living to old age are that one ought to have as much open air and exercise as possible, with, at the same time, a regular occupation for the mind and a very temperate style of living. These are, I fear, only commonplaces, but they certainly form the doctrines of my own hygienic catechism.

"During the greater part of my working life as author, journalist, and member of Parliament, I am afraid I did not always quite embody my own principles as to a healthy life, and that at one time I overworked myself near unto death. Since my recovery, however, I have kept to my open air, my exercise, and my regular but modest amount of work, and I think I may say that for my time of life I am enjoying remarkable health."

Health Laws we Break Every Day.

It is rather curious that many of the ills which make life a wretched affair are caused by our daily actions. Sitting on chairs, for instance, is "the cause of nearly all our evils in regard to the spine," according to a surgeon of repute. It would surprise the layman to know how many men, women, and children who pass muster in the street or the dancing-room suffer from deformity of the spine. They are the surgeon's best customers.

Dr. Gowers, one of the greatest authorities on diseases of the nervous system, brings another charge against chairs. If one habitually sits on a hard chair, he says, the pressure of the edge is likely to give rise to sciatica. This is worth remembering, for there must be thousands of people who spend large sums trying to cure their sciatica, while they are all the time adding fuel to it by sitting on hard-edged chairs.

This same disease, as well as the still more painful one of lumbago, are caused by other everyday habits. In hot weather people sit, without thought of consequences, on the grass, the sands, and, worst of all, on rocks. Perhaps they escape for the time; but as soon as the first touch of winter comes the lumbago and sciatica make their appearance.

Then in the morning tub we have the seeds of rheumatism. Sooner or later this daily chilling of the feet produces that inflammatory condition of the joint cartilages which results in crippling rheumatism. A simple precaution is to use a cork mat or a piece of wood for standing on in the bathroom.

Perhaps the inventor of oilcloth has been the greatest enemy of those predisposed to rheumatism. Even when wearing thick boots, if you stand much on oilcloth you can scarcely escape rheumatism in the feet. If you cannot afford carpets, stain the floor, and you will be saved much suffering.

The Use of the Land.

Some people have an idea that land is simply a luxury—something for a rich man to own and to be given up to pleasure-grounds and game preserves. The land is meant to grow food, and, more than that, it is meant to grow men and women.—RIDER HAGGARD.

WHERE ARE OUR BRITISH WRESTLERS?

In a recent editorial note, I took upon myself to deny the statement made in certain papers that English wrestling was on the decline, if not, indeed, already dead. The following article, from the breezy pages of "Tit Bits," goes into the matter more fully, and supports my contention that one must not hastily judge of the popularity of wrestling as a sport amongst Englishmen merely because two foreign professional wrestlers fought out the world's championship on English soil.—THE ED.

WHEN one sees a Russian champion and a Turk competing on English soil for the wrestling championship of the world, one cannot help wondering what has become of the prowess of our own athletes of Devon and Cornwall, of Cumberland and Westmorland, that they do not throw down the gauntlet and prove that their muscles are as strong and their skill as great as in the days when the British wrestler was the recognised champion of the world.

But because England seems to be for the moment eclipsed in this essentially British sport we must not rashly conclude that her wrestling days are over. If such a statement were made, twice ten thousand Britons from Cornwall to the Lakes would challenge it with one voice, and be quite ready to make their challenge good by doughty deeds on the green. In Cumberland and Westmorland the love of wrestling runs in the blood; it is inherited from countless generations of ancestors, and you will scarcely find a village lad in either county who needs a second invitation to "throw down his cap and take hold," or who would not scoff at the delights of cricket or football when compared with the supreme bliss of "grassing" an opponent.

As long ago as Edward VI.'s time Westmorland sent her champion, Herd, to wrestle before the King, and so delighted was His Majesty with the giant's strength and agility that he rewarded him with a house and lands in his native county. And from that day down to our own time there has been no generation which has not produced one or more worthy successors of the historic Herd.

The palmiest days for North-Country wrestling, however, were in the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth century. Each county had its great meeting-place, where the doughtiest wrestlers struggled for supremacy—Stone Carrs, near Greystoke, Langwathby, Melmerby, the Swifts at Carlisle, Egremont, Arcledon, and many another centre, where thousands gathered from every remote corner to applaud their favourites. And on the Sunday following his victory the champion went to church in state, proudly wearing his challenge-belt, and on the next Sunday displayed his decoration at the neighbouring church by way of challenge.

And what famous wrestlers there were in those days! William Richardson, of Caldbeck, who won no fewer than 240 belts in his long and brilliant career; Longmire, who won his 175th belt with Charles Dickens among the spectators of his prowess; Dodd and Fawcett, Miles and Rowland, McLaughlin and Walker, and many others whose names and deeds are held in higher esteem in the dales of Westmorland and Cumberland than those of our greatest statesmen and soldiers. In scores of remote fell-side farms you may see still some of these treasured belts, with a framed record of the achievements of their winners in long-gone days.

In those times athletes wrestled for the sheer love of the sport and the pride of winning, and not, as to-day, for costly belts and purses of gold. The prize was not, as in the old Olympic games, a single garland of leaves of the wild olive. It was a simple leather belt, the value of which was at most a few shillings, while for the leapers it was a pair of gloves, and for the foot-racers a handkerchief. It was Christopher Wilson, of Elleray, who first introduced money prizes, when he got up a ring at Ambleside, and to-day £120 is the sum

set apart for the great annual contest at Grasmere, which is now the Olympia of wrestlers in the North; nor, as an authority says, can we consider £15 and a belt too large a reward for the actual exertion involved in six or eight hard bouts for the championship.

In England, it may be interesting to note, there are at least three distinct styles of wrestling in favour. In Cumberland and Westmorland the men grasp each other round the body, and do not relax their grip until one or the other touches the ground with any part of the body, except, of course, his feet. In Lancashire the competitors catch hold where they can, and the struggle continues until both shoulders of the beaten man touch the ground; while the Cornwall and Devon system is for the two men to lay hold above the waist or by any portion of the jacket (the wrestlers wear strong, loose linen jackets), and the bout ends when one competitor is thrown flat on his back and his two shoulders and a hip, or two hips and one shoulder, are in contact with the ground.

DIET "DON'TS."

The Problem of What to Avoid.

THE problem of what to eat and drink has received the earnest study of many specialists. The terrors of indigestion have led many to enquire as to what foods should be avoided, but the answers are generally unsatisfactory, as no rule can apply alike to two persons. But there are some general rules that can be laid down. Here are a few "don'ts" suggested by Dr. Walsh, an American specialist:—

Don't eat when not hungry. Hunger is Nature's call for more nourishment. Its absence means that the body needs nothing. Don't eat oftener than once in five hours. At least three hours are needed for the digestion of a meal, and the stomach should have a couple of hours of rest.

AFTER EXERCISE.

Don't eat just after severe exercise, especially if it is unusual. Don't eat a large meal when tired and hungry. Digestion is a chemical process that requires the expenditure of considerable energy. When the system is exhausted it cannot supply this energy. Eat moderately first, then some hours later a hearty meal.

Don't drink cold liquids immediately before eating. They drive the blood from the stomach walls and so prevent the normal secretion of gastric juice. If this is not mixed wth the food as it enters the stomach, digestion proceeds slowly and imperfectly.

Don't eat fast. Time is money. Every minute saved at your meals is money in the pocket of your physician later on in life.

Don't swallow food before it is properly chewed. Man's chewing was meant to be done in his mouth.

Don't eat fat soaked food. Toast may be spread with butter and then heated in the oven until it is as fat soaked as cabbage boiled with bacon. The toast is thus made quite as indigestible as the cabbage.

Don't eat dark meat too exclusively. Some people confine themselves to rare beef and the dark parts of fowl. The dark meat contains a larger amount than other kinds of the irritating stimulant extractive substances of the meat. These are especially unsuitable for nervous individuals, and those of a gouty tendency.

ON DRINKS.

Don't drink too much liquid during meals—never more than half a pint, usually less. The dilution of the gastric juice impairs its efficacy, and the stomach is not able to accomplish its digestive churning movements when filled with a large amount of fluid.

Don't drink too much just after eating. Some people faithfully deny themselves liquid during a meal, and take a quantity of it just after. Don't drink too little during and just after a meal. About half a pint of water or some other simple liquid should be taken, most of it near the end of the meal.

Don't drink too little water between meals. This is a very common fault among City folk. At least four to five pints of liquid—tea, coffee, water, and milk—should be taken during the day. Most of this should be taken several hours before and after meals, some on rising and going to bed.

Don't take other people's advice as to what you may or may not eat. Stomachs are at least as individual as their owners. No one, not even your doctor, can dictate an iron-clad list to you. He can help you to find out what your diet should be.

Don't take anyone's advice as to the amount you should eat. Appetite depends on your size and build, but there is a large individual element in it that varies most arbitrarily.

Don't fast to cure indigestion. As the body gets weaker its functions also weaken, and digestion will not improve.

AFTER MEALS.

Don't take even gentle exercise after a heavy meal. The movements of the abdominal muscles in walking interfere with the churning movements of the stomach. This churning is necessary for the proper mixture of the food and the digestive juices. Don't walk upstairs after a hearty meal. This is just the worst form of exercise.

Don't indulge in deep emotions just after a hearty meal. Note the effect of a blush in diverting a large amount of blood almost instantaneously from the general circulation into the vessels of the skin. Emotions that redden or blanch the face produce a similar effect on the brain. This disturbs the body's circulation, and especially the sensitive circulation of the digestive organs.

Don't experiment with your stomach.

Don't fail to heed its warnings.

Don't wait till it is hopelessly or at least seriously impaired before you correct conditions that are evidently harmful.

Don't expect it to do the work of your teeth, nor of your cook, nor of your knife and fork. Heed its complaints in time and be happy.

ARE WE A DECLINING RACE?—This is the title of a most outspoken book by Walter Hunt, a writer who speaks from the view-point of a world-traveller. He contrasts the morals of many countries with those of Great Britain, and states, with sailor-like directness, his belief as to the main cause for the degeneracy of the Britisher. The Book is remarkable and forcible enough to give any thoughtful reader food for earnest consideration. The price is 1/-, and it can be obtained for 1/2, post free, from our Readers' Library.

American *v.* English.

It is apparent that American men and women are more energetic than are English men and women, and I think the former are able to endure fatiguing circumstances better than are the latter. I am sure that they are better educated according to modern methods, and are more self-reliant. If I have correctly described the differences in those directions which exist between the men and women of the two nations, it will be easily perceived why the Americans are displacing the English in trade. Untiring energy and resource are our two principal qualities. An intelligent and experienced Englishman whom I met at Oxford last week assured us that the English were much more energetic and resourceful even twenty-five years ago than they are to-day, but that the climate had changed in that period, having become more damp and less brisk, and also the conditions of life in England have generally become more prosperous, which circumstances, he insisted, had materially altered the character of the people.—"AN AMERICAN," in the *Graphic*.

The Battle of Life.

Life is a fight. Millions fail. Only the strong win. Failure is worse than death. Man's internal strength is created by watching Circumstance like a hawk, meeting her every spring stiff and straight, laughing at her pitfalls, which in the beginning of life are excess, excess, and always excess, and all manner of dishonour. Strength is created by adversity, by trying to win first the small battles of life, then the great; by casting out fear, by training the mind to rule in all things—the heart, the passions, the impulses, which, if indulged in, make the brain the slave of the master. Success, for which alone a man lives, if he be honest with himself, comes to those who are strong.—GERTRUDE ATHERTON, in "Rulers of Kings."

The Sensitive.

To the rest of the world the sensitive is a constant source of surprise. Who knows to what heights of heroism and endurance he may rise, albeit he shrinks so visibly from the mere sight of suffering and winces at the thought of pain? From the ranks of the sensitive have come the doers of the great unexpected deeds. Once touch his sympathy and the considerations which have weight with other men will be thrown to the winds. He will go through with the enterprise at all hazards.—A. E. MANNING FOSTER, in the *Saturday Review*.

Did His Best.

"At last I have brought out all that was in me," said Jean Paul Richter on his deathbed, and perhaps it is a prouder boast than any mortal is justified in making, but it is at least the boast we should all desire to make when our story is ended.—PROFESSOR HUME BROWN.

OUR DISTINGUISHED GUEST.

A Discovery that has Revolutionised Medical Science.

ENGLAND has recently been honoured with a visit from the world's greatest pathologist, Professor Elie Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute of Paris.

The first great discovery which we owe to Professor Metchnikoff marks an epoch in the study of disease and the way in which it can be combated. The chief contribution made by the nineteenth century to the study of public health was the discovery of bacteria, germs or microbes, and the fact that practically every form of ill-health is due to the presence of these noxious and tiny intruders into the system. The next business was obviously to study the laws of their intrusion and the methods of their operation, with a view to finding how they could be kept out of the healthy organism and extruded from that on which they had seized.

Professor Metchnikoff set himself to study the problems of inflammation, which is always accompanied by the presence of an unusual number of white corpuscles at its seat. He discovered that these leucocytes performed a very important task as scavengers, or policemen, who waged war upon harmful bacteria in two ways. Sometimes they could be seen actually devouring the bacteria, and so rendering them powerless for evil (whence they were called "phagocytes," or eating cells); at other times they set free digestive ferments which acted as poisons to the bacteria, and so gave its bactericidal qualities to the serum or thin liquor of the blood in which both red and white corpuscles float. Wherever inflammation is set up in the body by the presence of noxious bacteria, the white corpuscles are found hurrying to the scene of danger and waging war upon the intruders. If they are present in sufficient numbers they succeed in absorbing the invaders, and restore health to the afflicted tissue. If there are not enough of them, or the bacteria have got too good a start, the contest ends in the death of the organism, or of that particular part of it which is attacked.

It is on this discovery that all modern work in providing an organism with immunity against the attacks of specific bacteria is based, and it is needless to say that the discoveries already made on this line represent the highest achievement of modern medicine.

THE SCOURGE OF EUROPE.

The latest result of Professor Metchnikoff's researches points to the possible extirpation of a terrible disease which has ravaged the civilised world ever since Columbus was erroneously accused of importing it from the New World. The subject cannot be fully discussed in any but a technical paper, but it is notorious that the public health of Europe has been seriously affected by this disease. Statistics have shown that in some cases as many as 20 per cent. of the men in our army have been treated in a single year for some form of it, which means that each of them is a possible source of offspring which will be severely handicapped in the battle of life. Every student of national health and efficiency knows that both are affected by possibilities of this nature.

THE "SPIROCHÆTE PALLIDA."

We now owe to Professor Metchnikoff and his colleagues of the Pasteur Institute the promise that this dreadful scourge, which has baffled the efforts of medicine for so many generations, may be stamped out within the next century or less. About a year ago he was able definitely to announce that he had detected the bacterium to which it is attributable—a long, delicate, thread-like microbe, of extreme tenuity, which has been christened the "Spirochæte pallida." It had been seen before—being known from its first observer as the "Schaudinn bacillus"—but its relation to the disease had not been definitely established.

HOW IT CAN BE DESTROYED.

Experiments during the past year have been directed towards the discovery of an antitoxin for this disease. Monkeys are as subject to it as man, and the experiments made upon them have unfortunately given a negative result. But Professor Metchnikoff—in conjunction with Dr. Roux—has just announced the discovery of a certain preventive, consisting in the application of an ointment of calomel and lanoline to the point of inoculation. This was successfully tried on monkeys. An heroic young medical student then offered himself as the subject of a crucial experiment. He allowed himself to be inoculated with the "Spirochæte pallida," and was then rubbed with this ointment. After three months it has been proved that neither he nor a monkey which was similarly treated presented any symptom of the disease, whereas other monkeys which had been inoculated with the same virus, without protective treatment, were thoroughly infected.

This practically establishes the truth of Professor Metchnikoff's discovery, and points the way to the ultimate disappearance of one of the most cruel and persistent plagues which prey on mankind. Even the most thorough-going antivivisectionist can hardly deny that the monkeys concerned have suffered in a good cause; and as for Professor Metchnikoff, hardly any honour is too great for the devotion and ingenuity with which he has tackled a problem comparable in difficulty and importance with those solved by Pasteur and Lord Lister themselves.

The Professor is a great believer in the theory that life can be prolonged by hygienic living, and says there should be nothing to prevent men from reaching 200 or 250 years of age under proper natural conditions.

The Diet of the Future.

The past was the diet of necessity; the future will be the diet of selection. In the first stage men ate what they could, in the next stage they ate what they liked, and in the last stage they will eat what is best, and they will rely upon the ingrained instinct and upon practice to make it agreeable as well as beneficial.—*Discovery.*

The Abdominal Brain.

Many persons suffer from headache, dizziness, confusion of thought, or similar unpleasant symptoms, after meals. These are evidences of indigestion. We have two brains—the cranial and the abdominal brain. The abdominal brain, which is called the solar plexus, has charge of the work of digestion, and the cranial brain has charge of the intellectual operations and a general supervision over the body as a whole. When one whose stomach is in an irritable condition takes a meal, his solar plexus may become over-excited, and, through its connection with the brain, the brain may also become excited.

The abdominal brain has charge of the heart; it controls the circulation of the blood. When the abdominal brain is over-excited from indigestion, or any cause, it may excite the heart. You will always find the pulse a little quicker after dinner than it was before. Palpitation of the heart sometimes results from over-excitation of the abdominal brain by indigestion.

It is a very common thing to find persons whose brains are influenced by their eating. Many business men have observed that after a heavy dinner they cannot think clearly and connectedly. This is the most common cause of the after-dinner cigar, which muddles the brain a little more, so they do not know that they are muddled. When the cigar fails to produce apparently the desired effect, they take a glass of whisky, which confuses the brain still more.

This condition of mental obscurity and sluggishness is usually the result of errors in diet, says the *Family Doctor*, and the only way to obtain permanent relief is to reform the dietetic habits. Whisky and cigars give only the sensation of relief, while in reality they increase the trouble. Many so-called tonics have the same effect.

Beauty in the Flesh.

Thirty thousand pounds are paid for a Titian—a painting few see and fewer understand. Why, then, wonder that the theatre fills night after night with its thousands of spectators for the pleasure of seeing beauty in the flesh?—MME. FRANCES KEYSER, in *The King.*

How Women Can Preserve a Good Figure.

Common-Sense Advice for Staving off Physical Old Age.

THE majority of women look forward with dread to the approach of old age, because they know it generally brings with it loss of physical beauty.

In a recent number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, Dr. J. Madison Taylor writes an article advocating the conservation of human energy as a means for the preservation of beauty. He does not claim that the delicacy of colouring in skin or hair, "the special prerogative of youth," can or should be perpetuated.

"Beauty of youth is *sui generis*, so is that of maturity; and it is the part of wisdom for each one to adopt measures which shall bring about a fitness in appearance consistent with the actual age reached. It is, however, entirely possible to postpone indefinitely those changes in bulk and contour, in form, in poise, in gait and carriage which arise chiefly from neglect of suitable precautions.

BEAUTY OF RESERVE.

"The largest measure of beauty, capable of preservation, lies in the contours and poses of the body," writes the doctor, and he cites, as contributing to the balance which gives ease of movement, gracefulness of carriage, dignity, and the impression of reserve force, the endowments of the "well set up." These are the straight back, the shoulders "held well down and directly in the mid-line (as viewed from the side)," and "the pelvis nearly on a level and not markedly tilted forward and down in front, so obvious in fat people, or those of lax fibre. A vertical line would fall from the back of the head to the middle of the shoulders. These features originally possessed or acquired, as they can be, make possible a slimness of waist fully compatible with health.

"A small waist is only beautiful if the lateral line drops into the hip gradually and passes out over the hip bone in a steady but not sudden curve. If the curve dips in abruptly, and springs over the hip bone at an acute angle, giving a waspish appearance to the waist, it argues for flabby tissues about the abdomen, sides, and back."

After pages devoted to warnings against the extravagant expenditure of energy and to urging the importance of physical exercises taken daily and intelligently, Dr. Taylor passes to the effects upon development of bad dressing, of habits, fashions, and environment. Finally, "the most potent agency of all in producing awkwardness and tension is exaggerated hyperconsciousness.

DON'T BE SELF-CONSCIOUS.

"By far the largest proportion of those peculiarities of gait and carriage which are noticed in almost every one, although they may begin primarily in some structural peculiarity and are modified by dress and occupation, nevertheless are exaggerated enormously by this overconsciousness which affects somewhat everyone. It will be plain to those who will reflect for a moment how differently they will walk and act in the privacy of their own rooms or among their families and friends from that which they will present if called upon to exhibit themselves in some public position.

"Many of the deformities which come upon women are not recognised by them as such, and yet to the critical eye they are departures from the normal lines of development and the results of habitually faulty attitudes not present in youth. They need not have been acquired except through the artificial restraints of custom and a desire to conform to conventional poses. Such are the stiff or awkward and certain hyperconscious positions assumed by a lady when arrayed for display in public; witness the indrawn

elbows, the contracted hands, either clutching a portion of her dress or a pocket-book, or both. It is apparently against the canons of taste to permit any freedom of motion either at elbow or at shoulder. The gait becomes a constrained strut, because it is practically impossible to allow the thighs to move with naturalness and ease."

THE DAY-WITHOUT-FOOD CURE.

"Varying conditions of the body, fatigue, emotion, exercise, indolence, and the like make conditions which influence choice at a meal, both of articles and amounts, which demand obedience. Not one mouthful more than nature craves should be swallowed. In middle life, and later, a small amount of food will suffice for all requirements. The greatest safeguard lies in cultivating the tastes of earlier and simpler years, bearing in mind that in the period of full development we eat to maintain life with little need to develop structures, unless acute or prolonged illness has caused unusual destruction demanding repair. Forcing the appetite may be at times needful, but it is always a peril unless advised by a physician. When in doubt, go hungry for a day."

A COLONIAL SANDOW-ITE.
A Wonderfully Well-balanced Development.

Dr. Taylor disposes very briefly of the corset. Its use "we may be compelled to accept as a feminine necessity," but, if so, it argues for the wearer a loss of normal tissue vigour much to be deplored. There is no essential demand for artificial aid to sustain the abdominal organs, but if such need is felt to exist, it is, and can only be, due to consciousness of a structural defect.

Rich Man Feels Really Rich.

Golf and Fruit Saved a Million Dollars.

Most of us have heard of the two men who met early in the morning, the one out looking for a breakfast, the other out looking for an appetite. J. D. Rockefeller, the oil-king and multi-millionaire, has been looking for an appetite for years. Although everything he touched seemed to turn to gold, like Midas, his food did the same, and he couldn't eat gold, so he starved. Some years ago he said he would give a million dollars for a good digestion. Recently he proclaimed his perfect health, which he ascribed to golf and a diet of fruit, milk, and vegetables. "I feel like a rich man," added Mr. Rockefeller, "having saved a million."

How to Resolve.

Nothing has a more shattering effect on one's self-confidence than the breakdown of some big and difficult resolution which one has formed. Do not, then, form resolutions of this kind at the beginning. The man who is starting physical culture does not begin with the heaviest dumb-bells. On the other hand, the accurate keeping of some quite minor and far easier resolution increases the self-confidence and the will-power. Nothing succeeds like success. Once the small seed has germinated, much may be grown from it, but the attempt to produce the mighty overshadowing oak in a fortnight is foredoomed to failure.—BARRY PAIN, in *London Opinion and To-day.*

Keys to Character.

Look in a man's eyes for honesty; around his mouth for weakness; at his chin for strength; at his hands for temperament; at his nails for cleanliness.—"Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son," in *Pearson's Magazine.*

OVER-EATING AND UNDER-EATING.

IT is a hygienic platitude to say that more people die from over-eating than under-eating. Or, to be more correct, more people die from lack of nutrition than a plethora of it. For it is the proportion assimilated and not the amount eaten that counts.

Yet it is a well-known fact that many diseases result from deprivation of food. Whole groups of disease, such as scurvy, for example, are caused by the continual deprivation of some simple article of food; and it is highly probable that the other common maladies are due to similar, but at present unrecognised, deficiencies of our diet in some particular chemical element, perhaps only needed in fractions of a grain. Again, on the other hand, the entrance of extremely minute amounts of certain substances into our food or drink, as, for example, lead or arsenic, will gradually destroy health, and even destroy life, if long continued.

Most important of all to our physical well-being, and to the attainment of long life, are the two evidences of a healthy stomach, which the immortal dramatist has linked together in the oft-quoted saying of Macbeth's:—

"Let good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both."

If we consider the amount of ill-temper, despondency, and general unhappiness which arises from want of proper digestion and assimilation of our food, it seems obviously well worth while to put forth every effort, and undergo every sacrifice, for the purpose of avoiding indigestion, with its resulting bodily ills; and yet, year after year, from the cradle to the grave, we all go on violating the plainest and simplest laws of health, at the temptation of cooks, caterers, and confectioners, whose share in shortening the average term of human life is probably nearly equal to that of the combined armies and navies of he world.

SAYS THE "FAMILY DOCTOR."

Although food comes after air, water, and sleep, as an indispensable condition of existence, that is only because a two-weeks' supply of nutriment can often be stored up in the body in the form of fat; and but for this provision of Nature, apparently to meet the uncertainties of the chase in savage life, it is probable that mankind must have become extinct by starvation long before the granaries and storehouses of civilised existence were invented to guard against such a catastrophe.

NEED FOR FOOD.

We might as well look for a locomotive to run without coal and water, as expect a human body to perform its daily labours, or even to carry on the muscular exertion necessary to propel the blood through its arteries and veins, or inspire the proper amount of air into the lungs, without a due supply of suitable food, properly chewed, swallowed, digested, assimilated, and carried by the blood to nourish the various organs and tissues of the system, as they hourly wear out and are replaced in the service of the body.

Every part of our organism, it must be remembered, is the subject of continual change. The flesh of your arm to-day is not precisely the same flesh as yesterday; some of its molecules have become used up, dissolved and carried away by the blood, and have been cast out of the system through the kidneys or bowels, whilst their places have been supplied by new molecules, formed in that wonderful physiological laboratory, the blood, from the food you have taken into your stomach. If, now, the stomach or the blood do not do their work properly, or if, doing the best they can, they are not supplied with suitable materials in the food with which you furnish them, the effete molecules on your arms are not fully replaced, and your muscles become flabby, and dwindle away; or, on the other hand, if, by unusually nutritious food and the stimulus of exercise, a greater number of muscle-molecules are elaborated in the blood than are carried away by it in a worn-out condition, growth and development of your arm is the result. And so on with all the different proportions of the body.

IN THE ARENA OF SPORT.

Bowlers for Canada.

Although the International team for Canada has not been fully selected, it will probably be thirty-six strong, of whom Scotland is to send twenty-four. Wales has not been able to raise a rink, but Ireland will send a strong though small contingent. London appears likely to put forth a single bowler only. The team, so far as at present constituted, is made up as follows:—Scotland—S. Fingland (President of the Scottish B.A.), Hugh McCulloch (Glasgow), H. McColl (Partick), Baillie David Willox (Glasgow), Robert Gall (Aberdeen), T. Jaffrey (Edinburgh), J. Pillans (Carluke), F. Hay (Titwood, Glasgow), W. J. Crawford (Stirling), W. J. Lennie (Kirkcaldy), A. H. Hamilton (hon. sec. Scottish B.A.), W. Miller (Edinburgh), Peter Campbell (Perth), T. Watson (Edinburgh), R. Watson (Galashiels), J. J. Jagger (Galashiels), Adam Lilly (Bellshill), M. Twiss (Davidsons Mains), E. Gibbon (Rutherglen), Dugald Cameron (Clydebank), J. P. Smith (Larbert), Gideon Brown (Galashiels), R. Paul (Glasgow), J. T. Morrison (Coatbridge), and G. Cousin (Alloa). Ireland—J. C. Hunter (Belfast), D. McLaughlin (Coleraine), W. McLetchie (Belmont), J. Hetherington (Falls B.C.), and Charles Murray (Belmont). Of the above players, Mr. Hamilton was at the head of the first combination of Scots that ever played in the Metropolis, while Mr. Hunter has led each of the Irish teams that have visited London. At the time of writing, the English team has not been selected.

Swimming in Frozen Grease.

J. Wolffe, who is training hard for this year's Channel swim, recently accomplished a magnificent swim from Rottingdean Pier to the West Pier at Brighton, a distance of about five miles. He not only succeeded in reaching it, but proceeded five miles further, to the entrance of Shoreham Harbour. The swim of ten miles, when the low temperature of the water, which varied between 50 and 52 degrees, is taken into consideration, is as good a swimming performance as ever recorded. As an illustration to show the effect the water had upon the swimmer, it may be mentioned that a coating of grease, with which he was anointed prior to entering the water, resembled to all appearances as if a coating of white enamel had been applied to his body when he came out after his three hours and a half's immersion, the grease having practically frozen upon him. Taking to the water shortly after 1.30, Wolffe, with an overhand stroke of thirty-four to the minute, passed the Roedean College during the first half-hour, the Coastguard Station being reached eleven minutes later, while fifty-four minutes after the start saw him off Black Rock, and by one hour and twenty-four minutes he was alongside the Palace Pier (four miles and a quarter), and, sticking gamely to his self-imposed task, duly reached the West Pier. In reply to a question as to how he felt, Wolffe stated he was quite fresh, and to the admiration of the large crowd assembled upon the pierhead, the swimmer at once set out for Shoreham Harbour, five miles further west. After swimming two hours and nine minutes he was opposite the Hove Swimming Baths (six miles and a half), and, passing through some very choppy water, the eastern extremity of the harbour was passed in two hours and thirty-three minutes, and Southwick Electric Light Station in two hours and fifty-five minutes. From here to the finish Wolffe seemed to swim better than at any part of the journey, arriving at the entrance of Shoreham Harbour (ten miles) in three hours and twenty-nine minutes.

Sport as a Leveller.

How sport, like love, levels all ranks is shown by the history of a new bowling green recently opened in the Border County. The site having been secured, about a hundred and fifty men of the district worked, without pay, every evening and each Saturday afternoon for about four weeks. Included in this work was the laying of about seven hundred yards of drains. Bottoming was obtained gratis from several different quarries, the Caledonian Railway Company gave the ashes, while the turf (from Silloth) was generously presented by the late Earl of Mansfield. The membership of the club is decidedly Socialistic. With a major-general and also a laird as patrons, it includes engineers, coal agents, butchers, schoolmasters, travellers, joiners, quarrymen, tailors, clerks, grocers, and farmers.

Cricket and Bowls.

The revival of bowls, one of the most ancient of old English sports, is extremely gratifying, and municipal authorities should do all in their power to foster this healthy pastime. That the bowling requirements of the people can well be met by municipal authorities owning open spaces can be realised from the fact that the area sufficient for twenty-two cricketers would afford accommodation for several hundred bowlers.

Finding Excuses.

The people who attribute their want of success to lack of friends to help them on, or their lack of education to absence of opportunities, are simply exposing their weakness of character.—*Success.*

READERS' CLUB.

President - - EUGEN SANDOW.

Motto:—**One may Help Many.**

For the exchange of ideas, personal experiences and photos for the encouragement of Club Members. Every Reader is a Club Member.

Readers are expected to act up to the Club Motto, and for services rendered the President will award to the sender of every published idea, experience or photo, the Club Fellowship Medal as a token that the rightful owner has earned the Fellowship of the Club.

[I have always contended that judicious Physical Culture was the best drink cure it would be possible to find. The following "confession," by a New Zealand reader, is proof positive of the truth of my contention. I congratulate the writer, Mr. Atkins (whose photos appear on the cover and this and next pages), on winning his freedom from this modern curse in so manly a fashion.—YOUR PRESIDENT.]

Saved from Drink by Physical Culture.

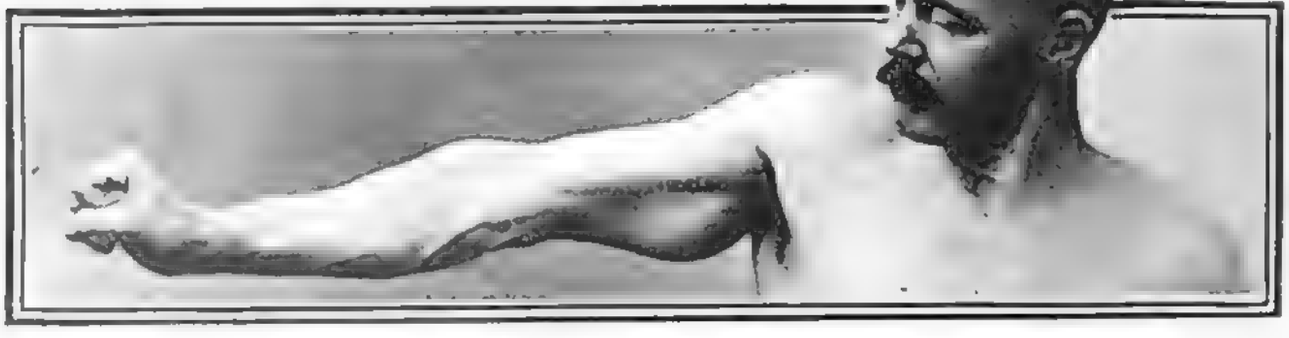
Hamilton, Waikato, New Zealand.

SIR,—As a reader of your magazine, a great believer in your teaching, one who has given it a long trial and have been teaching for some considerable time, I think that I should like to explain how it has affected me personally, and I think it may, in a certain direction, do good.

I commenced by joining a class under Mr. R. O. Jarrett, and was under him for two years; in fact, until he had to give the school up, as he was appointed under the Wanganui Education Board to instruct in Physical Culture. I then carried the class on myself, and although I am away for the present, I hope, on my return, to still keep it going. In 1902 you paid us a visit, and Mr. Jarrett arranged with you to judge a Development Competition amongst his pupils, and I was very pleased that my two years won me the medal.

Since I took the school over from Mr. Jarrett I worked it for two years, and had some very satisfactory results. One boy of 13—his father told me they had to prop him up at night—could hardly breathe, and he told me that the boy never breathed through his nose. I did not know this until long after. When in twelve months' time I got the tape on him, he had increased from 2½ to 5½ chest measurement, and his natural breathing was through his nose. Another I had, a young fellow wished to join the police force, and he was 2½ in. short of the chest measurement and ½ in. short for height, and he managed to gain both these measurements and many other good points, and is now in the force. I am working up a class here in connection with the Young Men's Club, and I hope to be able to leave them in good working order, and persuade some to become members of your roll in time.

The reason for my taking on your exercises originally was to assist me in my struggles to give up drink. I was then in what I should imagine was nearly the final stage. I joined Mr. Jarrett's school; joined a Lodge; signed the pledge—broke it; signed again—broke it; signed again, and this time, thanks to the school, I stuck to it. I should not like that three months over again, but after that my system got strong. I had to go to my Bells and Developer for my drink, and it's the finest thing going, even if it's only to add weight. After the first six months I found that I had mastered it for good, and



Mr. ATKINS, of New Zealand.
Photo showing his extraordinary triceps development.

your exercises were just lovely, so I went into it carefully, and the change in my condition was wonderful in twelve months; and it was after another twelve months that you arrived and judged the competition. Some time after Mr. Jarrett got a number of photos. taken of me. I should be pleased for you to see them, so forward them to you, with my measurements. I might mention that I am over 40. When I started I had a chest expansion of 3½ in., and the average measurements about 2 in. less in everything except the waist, and that was about 43 in. at least.

FRED. ATKINS.

My measurements at present are:—

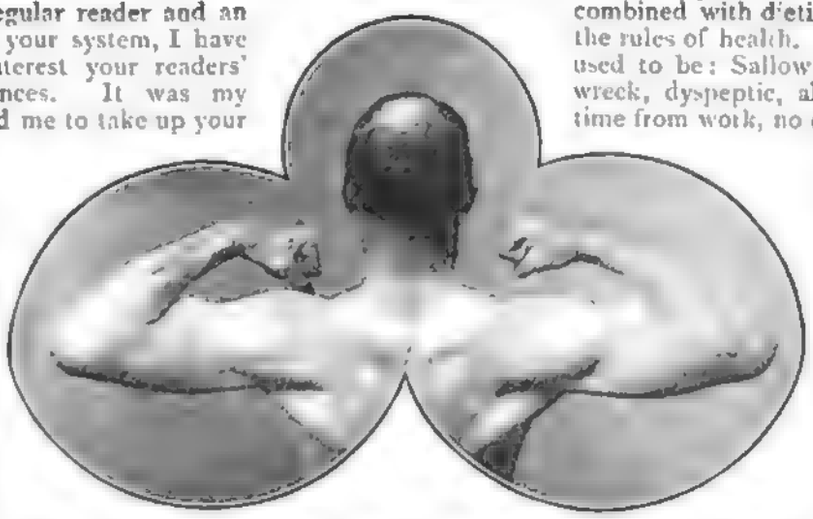
Weight (strip'd)	12st. 8lb.	Forearm	14in.
Height	5 ft. 11½in.	Thigh	23
Chest (con)	38	Calf	15½
Chest (Exp)	42½	Neck	15½
Upper Arm	15½		

How to Exercise.

Bolton.

SIR,—Being a regular reader and an ardent follower of your system, I have read with great interest your readers' letters and experiences. It was my brother who advised me to take up your system of Dumb-Bell exercises, which he has followed for three or four years, and I can honestly say that I feel better and stronger than I ever thought I should do. I use your Grip Dumb-Bells every morning for 30 minutes. I also exercise before a mirror, as you advise pupils to do in your book, "Strength, and How to Obtain It." I also have my bedroom window wide open whilst I am exercising, and after every exercise I take two or three deep breaths, as it gives you a short rest, and I find it is a good stimulant for the next exercise.

J. SMALL.



Another Photo of Mr. ATKINS (New Zealand), whose interesting letter appears on the preceding page.

Cured of Nervous Dyspepsia.

Radford, Nottingham.

SIR,—Being a reader of your magazine and an enthusiastic Physical Culturist, I take the pleasure of writing to your readers and you. It gives me great satisfaction to think that I, who was once a physical wreck, can have the pleasure of giving your readers my experiences *re* Physical Culture. I was born nervous, and never was strong, was too frightened to go upstairs in broad daylight, so the reader may guess what I was like at night time. In my sleep I would wake up with a start, and describe the most horrible things imaginable that I had seen in sleep. That is a description of my boyish days, and I was told the old tale, that I should eventually grow out of it. But oh, dear no. I got worse and worse, until I came across SANDOW'S MAGAZINE, and read therein of a young man who, like myself, had been a nervous wreck, but was now, thanks to Physical Culture, in excellent health.

I obtained chart of exercises and how to perform them, and commenced in the winter of November, 1904, in a cold, barren bedroom. I was suffering at the same time, and under the doctor with dyspepsia and nervousness in its worst form. It is only the man who has been a dyspeptic that knows what it is really like. I persevered, knowing I was on the right road to health and strength, and was *not* next-door to getting dismissed from my occupation owing to losing time through ill-health. I made this motto my guide: "By perseverance thou shalt overcome," and I did overcome. Not only have I increased in health and eradicated those distressing complaints of which I was a victim, but I look different altogether, the results of diligent exercise, systematic and recreative, combined with dieting and carrying out the rules of health. Result:—What I used to be: Sallow face, weak, nervous wreck, dyspeptic, always ill and losing time from work, no energy, and life was a curse instead of a blessing. What I am now, after eighteen months of diligent work: Bright and smart, no dyspepsia, in better health than I have been all my life. Well, to sum it all up, I am a new young man.

M. S. M. R. C.

Another "Drink" Cure.

The following interesting letter should be read and pondered over by every young man. Mr. Baker is now a staunch Rechabite.

Newbridge, Mon.

SIR,—Having been at one time addicted to strong drink, I beg to tender you my heartfelt thanks for the good your magazine has done for me. I was recommended it by one of its readers, and the first I took gave a wonderful account of the dangers of that deadly liquor. I determined from then that I would never again touch it, and my courage is being renewed weekly.

I also bought a pair of your Spring Dumb-bells, and have used them night and morning for four months. During that time I have become quite a new man. I am in the insurance business, and call on a great number of people daily, and, believe me, I never fail to speak of your valuable paper whenever I have the opportunity.

T. BAKER.

No Sickness for Two Years.

Salford.

SIR,—I started Physical Culture about two years ago, and am pleased to say have never had a day's sickness since. When I first started Physical Culture I worked with a young gentleman friend, who was ordered by the doctor to take a course of exercises with a Sandow's Developer and 2-lb. Dumb-bells. Afterwards, I bought the lot off him, and having used them for a few weeks, I got to take a great interest in Physical Culture, and I then bought your book, entitled "Strength, and How to Obtain It." I stuck a few more weeks on my own, and then went under Mr. Baird at his private school of Physical Culture, worked entirely on the Sandow system. I have been with him now about eighteen months, and can say I am one of the strongest youths around our neighbourhood. I have been asked by several of my friends to give them lessons, and have only been too pleased to do so until they have got an insight into it, and then took them down to the club and got them to join, which not one of them has regretted, three of them having won prizes this last twelve months, also myself, both for weight-lifting and wrestling. Hoping this will interest my fellow readers of your valuable mag. and cause them to stick to Physical Culture, and develop a strong arm and a clear brain and a straightforward manly life. W. MURDOCH.

MEASUREMENTS.	First	Last
Wrist	6½in.	6¾in.
Forearm	9½	10½
Biceps	12½	13½
Neck	13½	16½
Shoulders	37½	41½
Chest (exp)	34½	40½
Chest (nor)	32	34
Chest (con)	30½	32
Chest (below)	29	31½
Waist	24½	29½
Thigh	18½	20
Calf	11½	13
Height	5 ft. 2½ in.	

Gymnast's Strange Experience.

Apsley End, Hemel Hempstead.

SIR,—Being a constant reader of your magazine, and one of your followers, I should very much like to become one of your club reading members. I will explain how I came to take up your system. Some time ago I was taken ill with a severe cold, and it pulled me down a good deal; and I, being a gymnast, knew it would come rather hard to me when I was able to make a start again. So I purchased one of your Developers and worked up again, and when I thought I was fairly fit I made a start, with the result that I found I was stronger than before I was taken ill. I am proud to say I am now in perfect health, and have not had a day's illness since. I am still sticking to your Developers and receiving great benefit.

W. D. HEMLEY.

New Use for Phonograph.

Strand, W.C.

SIR,—Being a member of your Readers' Club, I offer a good suggestion for the benefit of athletes and Physical Culturists generally, that is, the effect of music upon the muscles and mind while exercising or training. I find that greater benefit can be derived by the aid of music, and I think it would be as well if everyone gave it at least a chance. It takes away the monotony of the exercise and gives more pleasure and regularity to the object in mind. I have a phonograph, and when exercise time comes round I start the band playing a good march or waltz tune, and thoroughly enjoy myself. I don't feel tired in the least when I have finished, although I go through them as well and put just as much concentration upon the various muscles as though I was without it. So I feel sure a good many Physical Culturists will at least try this experiment, and find that it is a pleasure to exercise this way.

R. E. WELLS.

A Strenuous Draper.

Grantown-on-Spey.

SIR,—I am a draper, and I began Physical Culture about two years ago. I joined the gymnasium here, under the able instruction of Col.-Sergt. Richmond, formerly of Fort George. Besides gymnastics, we were taught dumb-bells, Indian club swinging, and free-hand exercises. I then bought a pair of your Grip Dumb-bells, which I have continued using ever since. I have induced many young fellows here to take up the cause of Physical Culture. Besides Dumb-bells and Developer, I go in for such sports as throwing the hammer, putting the shot, and walking. Last year a ladies' gymnastic class was started here, and I am glad to say it has taken on very well. "Shinty" as an exercise is much practised here. My method of practising is as follows: Dumb-bells and walking in the evening, ten minutes' club swinging in the morning, varying the Dumb-bells by using Developer.

G. SMITH.

So Like Hot Cakes.

Upper Bean Street, Liverpool.

SIR,—I cannot tell you how pleased I was to see my letter in your S.M.R.C. As Mr. Turnbull says in his letter, it will make readers take a lot more interest in your magazine.

By the way, that is a splendid feature of yours to put your poses on the front page as you have been doing lately. My newsagent tells me she cannot get enough to sell, and that they go like hot cakes. I cannot thank you for your Fellowship Badge, as I have not received it yet, but hope, like many others, to get one—if I am entitled to one. I also hope to be able to join your Liverpool School of Physical Culture. Will you let me have your prospectus?

I remain, yours for Physical Culture,

R. DORAN.

[Address or apply to the Liverpool School, Colquitt Street, for prospectus, etc.—THE ED.]

IMPORTANT.

[Readers entitled to Medals must make written application for same, enclosing 1d. stamp and cutting of "Letter," same bearing date of issue. No Medals will be sent without this application.—THE PRESIDENT.]

ARTICLETTES.

Training for Beauty.

Ideals of beauty differ, but there are certain qualities always necessary to perfect physical beauty. In every nation the beautiful woman must have well-rounded limbs, a symmetrical body, and a graceful contour, with clear eyes and a buoyant gait. In the "Fountain of Youth," a book of 200 pages, with 134 illustrations, Grace Peckham Murray, M.D., gives her views of what is necessary to attain ideal feminine beauty.

"Beauty depends," this lady physician states, "upon the normal action of the heart, a perfect circulation, a proper digestive apparatus, muscles rightly developed, and brain and nerve activities that are normal. The imperfections of any of these are soon shown in the face."

Anger, for instance, she tells us, is ruinous in its effects not only on the face but on the whole body; it causes chemical changes poisonous to the body. Fault-finding is set down as one of the causes of wrinkles. And there are many other pitfalls. "Few know how to carry out properly the simplest rules of personal hygiene." The rules are so many and arduous that even a limited number of women might despair of ever attaining beauty. Imperfections are, apparently, the lot of the vast majority.

Perfectly moulded arms, Dr. Grace Murray finds, are rarely seen. Very few persons who have not been trained stand properly. Few women, too, are aware of "their lack of taste in dress." On the weighty side of the subject women are divided in this book into two classes—those who think they are too fat and those who think they are too lean. "The happy condition where the weight is just right does not seem to exist."

"The nasal unmusical voice of the majority of Americans" is, unexpectedly, classed among the imperfections. Theories accounting for it are numerous; but the American lady doctor ascribes the speciality "wholly to thoughtlessness," which opens the prospect that the day may come when the American girl will take thought and the Yankee twang shall disappear.

Factors of Longevity.

Temperance, continence, exercise, and cold water have been vaunted as aids to length of life; but, according to an Italian insurance expert, all are outclassed by the magic effect of a sinecure. Grant a man a pension for life, he says, and watch his dial of fate move back some thirty years. Pensioned army officers who get enough to exuberate as well as to exist, almost become immortal; "vieux de l'empire," *i.e.*, pets of the first Napoleon, still glittered on the promenades of Nice and Biarritz a few years ago. Hence also the extreme longevity of country parsons, who often add the interest of snug savings to their pension of five shillings a day in North Germany, and a florin in Austria, where a rusticator can board himself for £6 a year, and save crumbs for the sparrows."—"Health Culture."

Treves Attacks Butchers.

Both æsthetically and hygienically nothing could be more repellant than the present method of displaying meat in butchers' shop-windows. Rows of ghastly bleeding carcases are not pleasing to the eye, and germ-encrusted beef or mutton is not good for the human stomach. At a recent meeting at the National Health Society, Sir Frederick Treves spoke out strongly against this practice and other bad food habits and methods.

"If," he said, "a non-meat-eating being could visit this planet from another sphere, and see the way in which meat was thrown about, handled by dirty hands, and exposed to dust and germ contamination, he would never dream that it could possibly be an article of diet.

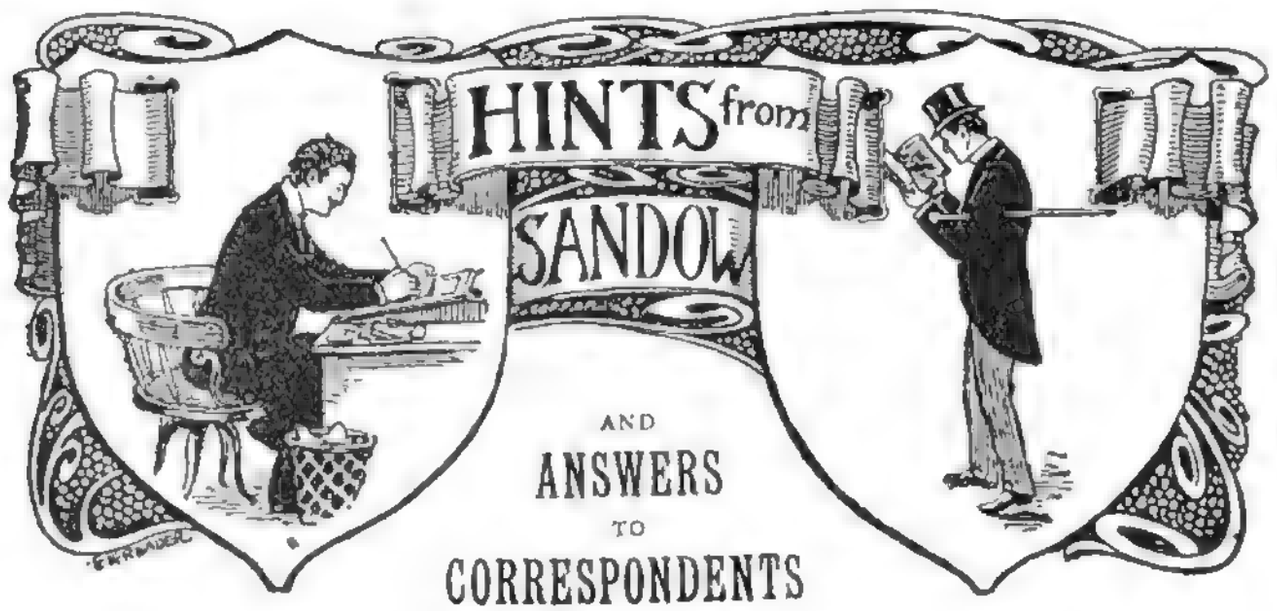
"The only ingredient that could not legally be added to milk was water. Other ingredients were not forbidden, although they might conceivably contain the germs of typhoid fever."

Big Bowling Tournament.

Wales is to be strongly represented at the Single-handed Tournament, open to the world, which takes place at the Crystal Palace on June 6, 7, 8, and 9. Last year the Principality furnished one of the four players who divided in this annual foregathering. The Welshmen have already been seen on one or two of the leading London greens.

MR. TOM WINSOME (of Leeds).

This splendid development is the result of only three months' training.



Although I have opened these pages for the purpose of coming into closer touch with my friends and readers, it must be remembered that space is limited, and I CANNOT *prescribe courses here.*

Measurements.

W. L. (NORFOLK) writes: "If I am not asking too much, I should like to see your measurements put in the columns of your excellent mag. I know several friends who take the same, and would like to know them."

Answer: The particulars you ask for, together with many others, are fully detailed in my book, "Strength, and How to Obtain It," price, 2s. 9d. post free, through Readers' Club.

A Debilitated Condition.

"CROCK" (BRIGHTON) writes: "Would you be so kind as to inform me through the pages of your valuable magazine what I ought to do to get strong and healthy? I am 19 years of age, and for the last three years have taken cold a great number of times, with the result that I now find myself with a very weak chest, and with a tendency to consumption. I am also very short-winded. I might mention that previous to this I was always strong and healthy."

Answer: You are taking yourself in hand probably just in time to escape a life of ill-health and weakness. The symptoms you specify plainly indicate a general debilitated condition, which, however, I am pleased to say is easily and (at your age) fairly quickly remediable under my system of Physical Culture. If you cannot take a postal course of instruction, obtain copies of my two books ("Strength, and How to Obtain It," price 2s. 6d. or 2s. 9d. post free; and "Body-Building," price 1s. or 1s. 2½d. post free, or the two 3s. 10d. post free). These two books, which you can obtain through the Readers' Club, will tell you just how to go to work to become strong and healthy. Don't lose any time, though. Every month before you obtain your majority is worth three months afterwards.

Indigestion and Constipation.

"ANXIOUS" (no address) writes: "A short time ago I was suffering from constipation and indigestion, but about five months back I took up Physical Culture, doing quarter of an hour morning and on retiring (no supper) with my Grip Dumb-bells, and cold sponge down afterwards, deriving much benefit therefrom, and straightway dropped off taking any purgatives which I occasionally resorted to before. Having been a regular reader of your mag. for some time now, I have always had somewhat of an abhorrence for drugs, although always at hand and only took them when forced. I have also dieted myself fairly strictly, and done what I could to find the road to health. However, a fortnight ago, in the night, a rather severe pain attacked the right side of the pit of my stomach, a sort of aching pain, which started level with

Readers Requiring

Immediate answers by post should send full personal particulars to following address, where special attention is given to cases requiring special advice.

This notice is specially intended for the guidance of those readers who are troubled with indigestion, loss of vigour, and other nervous and functional weaknesses, and who therefore require special direction—direction of a course of treatment that shall—first and foremost—remove such OBSTACLE, or obstacles, to the building up of health and strength.

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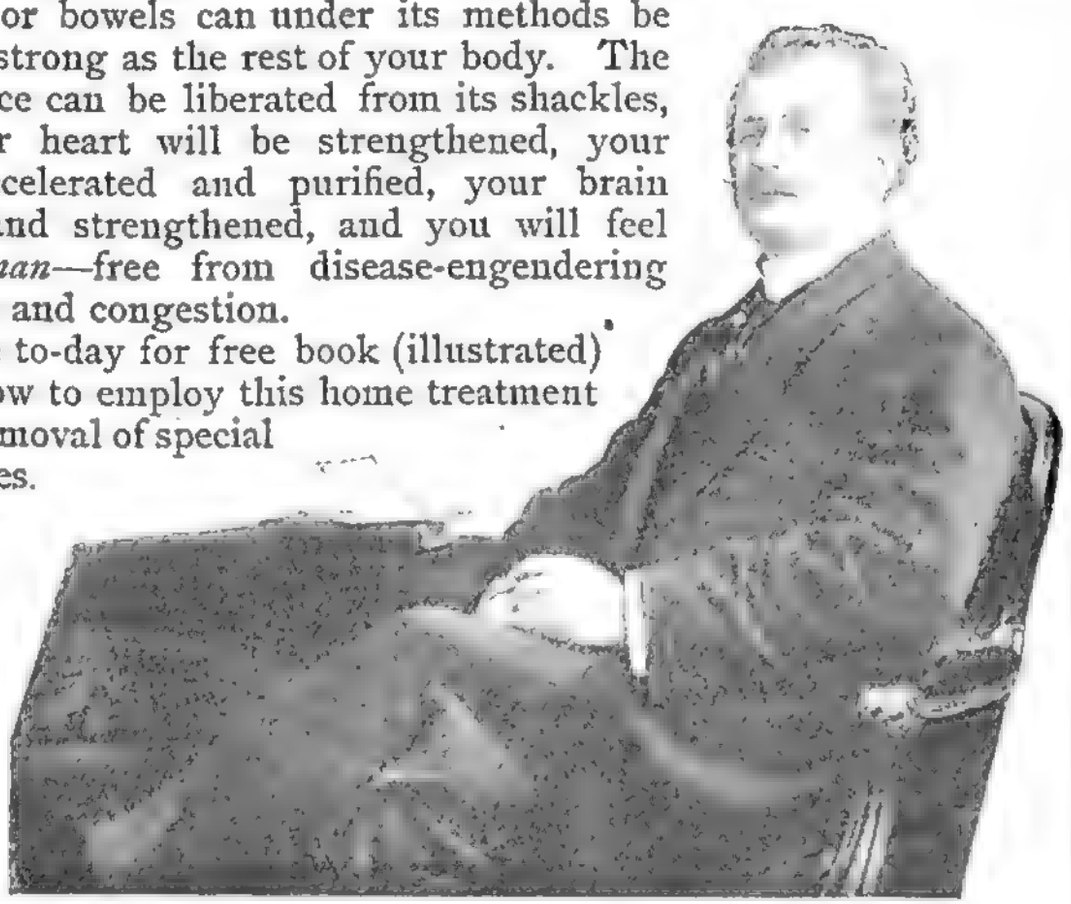

the top of right thigh and went round front of stomach, through into the scrotum, and continued just a little on the left side. I am almost certain it is no sprain, but a disorder. I ate nothing for a day, during which I had a rest, being Sunday, but ever since my bowels have been extremely stubborn, and, against my conscience, have had to resort to cascara sagrada, in order to help clear my system. I am most perplexed about my ailment, and should be very grateful if you could give any hints which would be likely to benefit me."

Answer: You furnish an indication as to the cause of your trouble in that part of your letter which I have not reproduced. This alone would be sufficient to create the symptom which perplexes you. You must not expect to grow out of the trouble too quickly. You must have patience and persevere along the lines you know are the right ones. Continue with the exercises and advice contained in the charts and my books, that is if you cannot avail yourself of personal instruction at one of my London or Liverpool Schools, or by post from the postal department at 17 Basinghall Street, London, E.C. Have as little to do with drugs as possible. Warm water drinking answers very well with most people.

A Question of Strength.

J. B. (KETTERING) writes: "Why I am really writing to you this week is because I know a young fellow who is in consumption. In fact, he tells me he has been bad now for four years, and I have recommended him the following, viz. Rise six o'clock, rub body all over with Turkish towel, have sponge bath, exercise with Grip Dumb-bells, and take deep breathing (always breathing through nose), breakfast, and then out in the country for a long walk in all weathers (excepting it being too wet, of course), until dinner. After dinner, if exhausted, rest, but be sure to have the windows thrown open. If not exhausted, go for another four hours' walk. Allinson's dietary. As I have had consumption, and that is the diet, etc., I was cured by, will you kindly let me know if this is a bit too severe for him, as he declares he cannot keep it up, and I feel sure a word from you will convince him. I should like to state that I don't know how to express my gratitude to you, for I feel confident I should not have been alive now if it hadn't been for obeying (*with a determination*) the laws of Physical Culture."

Answer: It is all a question of your friend's strength. He certainly should not overtax his strength, as by so doing he would simply be increasing his self-consumption. In all cases removed from the ordinary it is best for the patient to have his mode of life mapped out for him by a loyal medical man in sympathy with natural healing methods. Advise him to consult such a practitioner. Respecting medal, please read the conditions appearing at head of Club page.

Millions in Patent Medicines.

There are over forty thousand makers or vendors of patent medicines in Great Britain, according to the June *World's Work*, and the sale is so great that it yields £331,000 in duty to the revenue. Startling allegations are published with regard to the trade in America, where the people spend from £15,000,000 to £20,000,000 a year on patent medicines.

Pupils Live Spartan Lives.

A Swiss school is being run on the old Spartan ideas as to food, clothing, and exercise. The scholars did well at the various Government examinations, in addition to being stronger, taller, and healthier than boys who were educated at ordinary schools. The boys rise at a very early hour in summer, and in winter at about six o'clock. Then the day's work begins, studies being judiciously mixed up with outdoor work. The boys are never idle for a moment. The food is the simplest of the simple, but of the very best quality, a boy being allowed to eat as much as ever he likes.

The Tireless Roosevelt.

"One torrid day in June," writes Henry Beach Needham in *McClure's Magazine*, "Washington was sweltering under a hot wave, with the thermometer registering ninety-eight degrees, and the humidity intense. Athletic young men sat in their clubs within easy range of electric fans and cooling beverages, complaining bitterly of the heat. In the middle of the afternoon the president, accompanied by his eldest son and two of the lad's school friends, rode eighteen miles in an automobile to Great Falls. Then the machine was sent home, and the party set out at a brisk, even pace, and tramped the road back to a point outside the city limits, where a carriage met them. They had walked thirteen miles, and reached the White House at half-past nine, very late for dinner. The day after, when official business had been dispatched, the president rode twenty miles on horseback."

An Imperial Diet.

We cannot rear an Imperial race on stewed tea and white bread, and the dependence of our aggregated populations upon the efficiency of dairy work is one which thoughtful men cannot ignore.—THE EARL OF CREWE.

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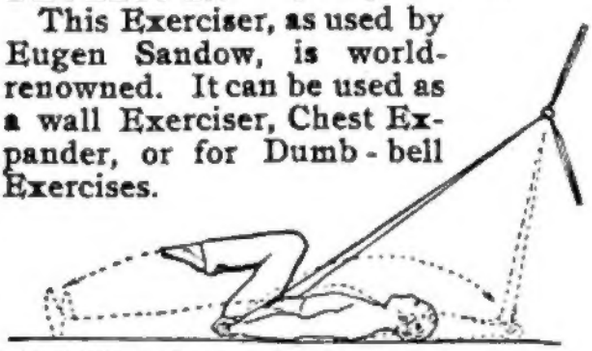

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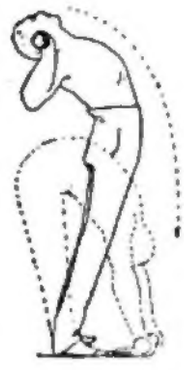

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